

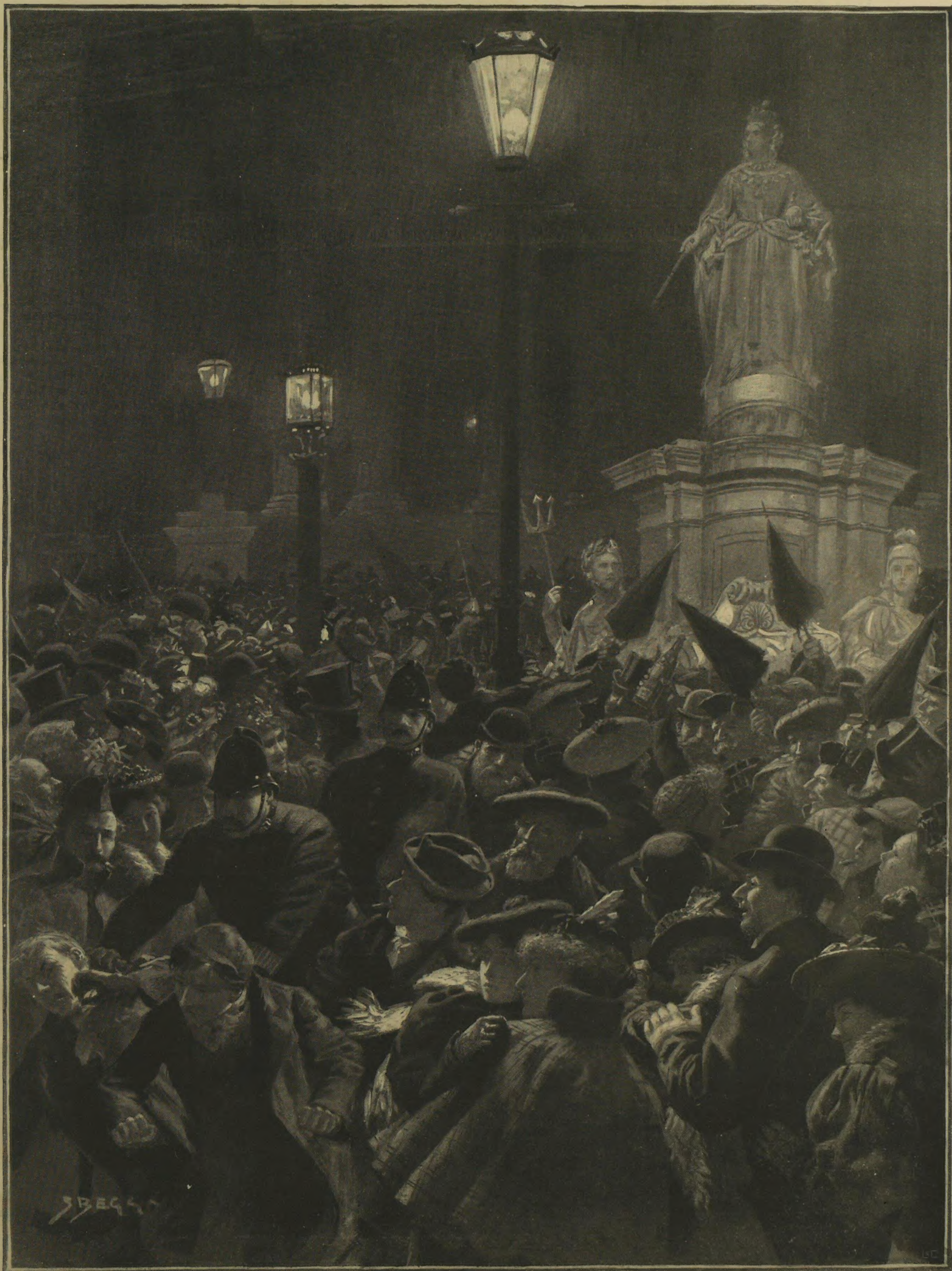
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

No. 3011.—VOL. CX.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1897.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6½d.



NEW YEAR'S EVE ON THE STEPS OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL: "SHOULD AULD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT?"

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

In these days of telegrams and telephones and X rays, the antiquated remark that there is "nothing new under the sun" has little meaning. Though as old as Aristotle, it perhaps never had very much, but was probably uttered in depreciation of some ingenious invention, just as jealous and ill-conditioned persons always remark of a good joke that they have heard it before. At all events, every New Year's Day is something new, though the chance of it being "under the sun" in this country is but small. It is curious how an artificial arrangement of chronology should have so considerable an effect, but it is certain that New Year's Day is an anniversary which makes an almost universal impression upon the human mind. We may not "lay it to heart" in a religious sense, but it awakens thoughts of the past, and hopes and fears for the future such as occur to us at no other times. But for the propinquity of Christmas it would probably be held in still higher estimation. The wishing a Happy New Year to one's friends is a very pretty custom; it is in no way to be confounded with such conventional common-places as the Compliments of the Season, and, indeed, has generally something much more genuine about it than any similar salutation. Sir John Sinclair used to quote the following experience as exemplifying the vanity of human wishes: he called upon Lord Melville, whose life had up to that time appeared a series of triumphs, to shake his hand and give him joy on New Year's morning. "Thank you, my friend," he gravely replied. "I hope, if not a happy year, that the next may at least be more so than the last, for I have not had one happy day in it." In Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" he tells us that in the closet of the Caliph Abderahman was found this confession: "I have now reigned fifty years in victory or peace, beloved by my subjects and dreaded by my enemies. No earthly blessing appears to have been wanting to my felicity. In this situation I have numbered the days of genuine happiness that have fallen to my lot: they amount to fourteen." Never, surely, did human sundial record so few "serene hours." I have known a man who had only a fortnight's holiday in the year declare they were his only happy days, but a fortnight of happiness in a whole lifetime seems an extremely low average.

Southey's view of New Year's Day is but little more cheerful—

Canst thou rejoice—rejoice that Time flies fast?
That night shall shadow soon thy summer sun?
That swift the stream of years
Rolls to Eternity?

And why not? He himself calls

The world a pilgrimage,
The grave the inn of Rest;

and if so why should we not rejoice in the prospect of getting there? It is a poor thing and a bad thing if dark years lie behind us to look for no better. As Johnson said to a friend old and breaking like himself, "Do not let us discourage one another," for as a still wiser man has written—

A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.

There is no better motto to put on life's scutcheon than that, though the merriest of us by nature must feel (God help us!) now and then a-weary; and it will be thought no impertinence here, perhaps, since my readers and I have been so long acquainted, to wish them a Happy New Year.

An interesting account appeared recently in the *Globe* newspaper of Robin Hood's grave near Huddersfield. It will be news to many that his burial-place is known, and one would like to be assured of the fact. The choice of the spot was made, as we know, under exceptional circumstances. Finding himself at Kirkstall Nunnery, about to die, he shot off three arrows, expressing his wish that where the farthest fell his bones should be buried. The correspondent tells us that this was a mile from the Nunnery, which suggests that he must have shot with the long bow. There is no descriptive poem in the language more graphic than Keats's lines upon the "tough, belted outlaw." Few as they are they form a picture-gallery of him and his little band; but from the vague manner in which his resting-place is spoken of, it seems clear that Keats at least must have been unaware of the existence of the tomb in question—

All are gone away and past,
And if Robin should be cast
Sudden from his tufted grave,

He would swear, for all his oaks,
Fall'n beneath the dockyard strokes,
Have rotted on the briny seas.

Further on, the poet says—

Honour to bold Robin Hood,
Sleeping in the underworld!

which seems to speak of some unknown locality; but the phrase "tufted grave" is altogether inconsistent with a stone tomb, iron railings, and an inscription in Old English. I am inclined to think that upon investigation it would be discovered that the tomb is not very mossy nor the English very old.

One of the few productions of Sydney Smith that can be called dull was his "Essay on Wit and Humour." Definition, of course, must necessarily be dull, but in this case the dullness extended to the examples. Moreover, perhaps from the love of paradox, or more likely from the wish to give the wonderful gift he possessed an academic character, he makes this astounding statement. After premising that the popular idea of wit is that it is quite as unattainable as beauty, and comes and goes like lightning, he says, "I am so much of a contrary way of thinking that I am convinced a man might sit down as systematically and as successfully to the study of wit as he might to the study of mathematics; and I would answer for it that by giving up only six hours a day to being witty, he should come on prodigiously before midsummer so that his friends should hardly know him again." When one remembers that this is the same man who asserted that it required a surgical operation to make a joke intelligible to the members of the whole community, this inconsistency is amazing. A humorist or a conjuror should never be asked for an explanation, and it is a mistake when either of them volunteers to give one. Mark Twain has fallen into this error in his latest volume, in which he undertakes to teach his fellow-creatures "How to tell a story"; he would have been wiser if he had stuck to his calling, which is to tell them, not to tell others how to do so. In the first place, he is unable to free himself from the national delusion that whatever is American is necessarily best; and secondly, leaving that branch of humour in which he is *facile princeps*, he proceeds to depreciate other branches, in which he is by no means so much at home. "The humorous story is American," he says, which is true enough; "the comic story is English; the witty story is French." If this is not said "for the sake of saying it," which can hardly be the case with so accomplished a writer, it shows the danger of inventing definitions. He might just as well have reversed his assertion.

Of course, he prefers American humour to English wit, but in pointing out the difference he gives himself away: "The humorous story depends for its effect upon the manner of the telling, the witty story upon the matter"! This, in connection with his previous preference, is almost equivalent to saying that the art of writing a good book is inferior to the art of reading it aloud. "The humorous story may be spun out to great length, and may wander onward as much as it pleases, and arrive nowhere in particular, but the witty story must be brief and end with a point." Here, again, the advocate seems to have injured his own case, for the two admitted faults in American humour, admirable as it is—namely, tediousness and affectation, are suggested by his very explanation of it. "The humorous story, which was created in America" (after Smollett and Fielding's time we conclude) "and remains at home, is told gravely; the teller does his best to conceal the fact that he even dimly suspects that there is anything funny about it; but the teller of the comic (or witty) story tells you beforehand that it is one of the funniest things he has ever heard; then tells it with eager delight, and is the first person to laugh when he gets through." This is grossly unfair, for here Mark Twain takes what he considers to be a good teller of a humorous story and contrasts him with one who obviously does not know how to tell a witty one. The one has art (though, after all, it is the art of the clown in the circus) and the other has none. The whole argument seems to me to depreciate American humour as though it would not stand print and paper. It is, to my mind, admirable in that form, and stands in no need of apology; moreover, if it strikes us sometimes as a little long, one can skip a bit, which during its oral delivery is not so easy. What Mark Twain describes as a discovery in the New World is merely an exaggeration—though with great merits of its own—of what has long been known in the old one as "dry humour." As humorous a writer as Mark Twain himself has thus criticised it: "When a man tells me an amusing story without a sign of being amused himself, he either gives me the impression of thinking it is good enough for me, but not good enough for him, or else that he has told it so often that he is sick and tired of it and can laugh at it no longer."

The first volume of what may be called the prose works of Lord Byron, recently published, consists of his letters from 1804 to 1813. They have, of course, a great interest; more perhaps from our knowledge and admiration of the writer than in themselves, though they are bright and clever enough. Byron will always remain a prominent figure in literature, though he has long ceased to have the pre-eminence which his editor would assign to him. The author of "Childe Harold" had at one time no doubt "a master influence in the world at large," but this is not now the case. Very few persons under forty either do or can read that once "immortal work," and we fear that Thackeray's opinion of the poet as being "stagey," and not the genuine article, is shared by modern readers. It may be the fault of the age, and even be so much the worse for the age, but the fact is, Byron is no longer at the top of the tree with the lovers of poetry. However, not only are these Byron letters good reading, but the notes by

Mr. Henley are excellent, and full of much interest and information. Only too often the commentator upon the works of a great author is an excrescence to be ignored, but in this case he is more attractive than that which he interprets. It is like reading a history of the period with all the dull parts left out. If we had nothing else to thank him for, we should be grateful for his admirable extracts from the brilliant satires of Moore, in apt illustration of the matter in hand, but which also remind us what excellent things we have forgotten. It seems ungracious to be finding fault with such good editorship, but it is deplorable to find Mr. Henley attacking Leigh Hunt—one of the kindest and most gracious of men—with all the virulence of the Byronic partisan. He had great gifts, but he had the misfortune to be the companion of those who had greater. In later times Dickens, though quite unintentionally, did his memory harm by his Harold Skimpole, a circumstance, as I happen to know, which caused him great distress of mind. Leigh Hunt is, to my mind, the most underrated author of his time.

It is curious that the good people who are always congratulating the world upon its social improvement have not a word to say about the almost entire extinction of the plague of intellectual games which no great while ago made life a burden, especially at the "festive season." The earliest infliction of the kind that I can recollect was the riddle: people stopped us in the street, and asked us why something was like something else with which it had obviously nothing to do. A wretch that had a stock of these conundrums used to be popular with certain circles in consequence. Sydney Smith thought that no less than capital punishment ought to be inflicted upon these persons before they had time to get to their tenth syllable; their offensive weapons being charades which were sometimes of a monstrous length. Then came a much more terrible plague, inasmuch as it seized quite intelligent persons, and devastated not only the drawing-room but the library—the double acrostic. Like the snake, it fascinated its victims, but it also victimised a good many people whom it was far from fascinating; it destroyed conversation, produced heartburnings in its disciples, and gave headaches to everybody. If Hanwell, and perhaps Broadmoor, revealed their secrets, we should probably find that many of their tenants owed their loss of reason to the double acrostic. In most minds it produced the same effect as staring up at an allegory painted on a ceiling; others it exalted, when they were successful, with Satanic pride. Of late years these problems of the drawing-room (with the trifling exception of "Pigs in Clover," which rioted there for a few months) have disappeared. There have been slight epidemics of *bouts-rimés* and so on, but, upon the whole, society, as regards these literary games, has now a clean bill of health. It is probable that the prevalence of competitive examinations has rendered such voluntary taxes upon the intellect unpopular.

It is truly amazing, however, how our ancestors suffered from these "pangs without birth and fruitless industries." Even such writers as Boccaccio composed poems which took the forms of Altars, Wings, and Hearts, effected by various kinds of metres. Others laboured at lipogrammatic works—that is, works in which certain letters of the alphabet were omitted. There were five novels by Lopez de Vega each without one of the five vowels. To one of these lipogrammarians it was well observed, "You can do a better thing yet; take away all the letters from all the words you have written." A much more difficult, if equally contemptible, feat was that of Reciprocal Verses, which give the same words whether they go backwards or forwards—

Signa te signa temere me tangis et angis.
Roma tibi subito motibus ibit amor.

Disraeli the Elder devotes a whole chapter to these laborious inanities.

It is generally supposed that the invention of post-cards gave the first opportunity for epistolary libels, of which a recent law-case has offered so interesting an example. But generations ago the idea of writing outside a letter things which ought not even to have been written inside occurred to several people. De Quincey gives a humorous account of a persecution of this kind which befell Dr. Andrew Bell, the originator of the Madras system of education. He was a pluralist in the old time, and realised £120,000 by the assistance of a rigid economy. He was separated from his wife, whom, perhaps, he had starved; but who was, at all events, very bitter against him, and relieved her feelings by sending him letters addressed with great particularity: "To that supreme of rogues, who looks the handog that he is, Dr. (such a Doctor!) Andrew Bell." Sometimes she contrived to express herself with great fullness: "To the Ape of Apes and the Knave of Knaves, who is recorded once to have paid a debt—but a small one you may be sure—in fact it was fourpence half-penny. Had it been on the other side of sixpence he must have died before he could have made such a sacrifice." This is pretty exhaustive for the outside of an envelope; and we are told that "she ingeniously varied the style of her abuse for years."

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

NEW YEAR'S EVE OUTSIDE ST. PAUL'S.

It is always interesting to note "how use doth breed a habit in a man," and still more so to trace the growth of what is at first but the habit of a certain number of individuals into an established custom of the multitude. The gathering of a great crowd around St. Paul's Cathedral on New Year's Eve has now become almost as fixed a characteristic of the Londoner's Christmastide and New Year festivities as any of the most venerable customs of the season, yet in years the habit has still to attain its majority. In 1878, to be exact, the belfry of St. Paul's was enriched with a peal of twelve bells, the joint gift of Baroness Burdett-Coutts, the Corporation of the City of London, and certain of the great City Companies; and on the last night of the year a large gathering of loyal citizens assembled to hear the new peal of bells ring in their first New Year.

For several years thereafter the bells punctually rang out the old, rang in the new; and the crowd which assembled became annually greater. But growth in numbers meant growth in uproariousness, and eventually the official recognition of the occasion was withdrawn and the decree of the Dean and Chapter forbade the ringing of the bells after ten o'clock. But the London crowd, and more particularly the Scotsman, who is wont to make merry on New Year's Eve, was not to be balked of the annual fore-gathering, and each year a large assembly throngs the steps and precincts of the Cathedral, rendering the midnight boisterous with its mirth. It is a pity that the roystering element so largely prevails, for in idea the gathering has much to commend it. As it is, even the singing of "Auld Lang Syne" forms a mere interlude in a music-hall medley. But then there is nothing like the latest comic song for implanting peace and goodwill in the hearts of the London multitude.

CHRISTMAS AT THE LONDON HOSPITAL.

The inmates of the London Hospital in the Whitechapel Road, the largest institution of its kind in the kingdom, have been gladdened this Christmastide by sundry festivities, set afoot and carried through with unflagging spirit by the hospital staff. When Christmas Day dawned there were close upon seven hundred patients in the wards of the great building, and the awaking eyes of these poor sufferers were greeted in early morning by the pleasant glow of many fairy lamps, placed here and there throughout the wards by the nurses. And the whole day thus brightly ushered in was one of much quiet mirth and cheer. A jolly Father Christmas of the most orthodox pattern, impersonated by one of the members of the medical staff, led through the wards a procession laden with suitable gifts for the patients, who, later in the day, had the pleasure of showing their various presents to the friends who came to visit them. The nurses, who one and all did their utmost to brighten the sufferers' Christmas, were themselves entertained on Boxing Day at a dinner given in the Nursing Home, and on the following Monday the children's entertainment was held in the Queen's and Beatrice Wards. Christmas-trees, laden with seasonable presents for the little people, turned the wards into a fairy forest, through which between five and six hundred friends of the patients passed in the course of the afternoon, and the children forgot their sufferings for a space, and made the wards ring with their glee.

BARNATO PARK, JOHANNESBURG.

One of the most remarkable of the suburbs which have sprung up around the town of Johannesburg is that known as the Berea estate, the property of the Johannesburg Waterworks Company. On this estate lies the park named after Mr. Barnato, who bought the property from the Waterworks Company in order to build himself a house within its wide domain. Mr. Barnato has generously allowed the park to remain open to the inhabitants of the district, and it is largely patronised as a public pleasure-ground.

GERMAN INFANTRY ON SNOW-SHOES.

The winter season in Germany brings no period of inactivity, but a fresh form of exercise and drill for the infantry of the Fatherland. Since the first fall of snow in the upland districts the German infantry troops have this winter been busily taking exercise on snow-shoes and perfecting themselves in the use of foot-gear which must ever form an important item in the soldiers' accoutrement in snow-bound regions. The mountainous country of the Hartz and Riesengebirge districts affords the best facilities for these ski exercises, as the earliest snows of the German winter lie thickest upon their heights. On the Riesengebirge summits, indeed, snow lies for some eight or nine months of the year, but the military exercises do not, of course, require lofty ascents beloved of the tourist. Long journeys are frequently made, however, over broken country, the troops being quartered in mountain villages during the night. The men wear their guns slung over their shoulders, and each of them carries a couple of long bamboo poles for use in crossing difficult ground. In time of war these poles would be carried for travelling purposes only, and would be discarded in action.

PETERBOROUGH CATHEDRAL.

The proposed restoration of the famous west front of Peterborough Cathedral has lately given rise to a lamentably wordy warfare, of which the ultimate outcome has yet to be seen. At present the Dean and Chapter of the Cathedral have declined to treat with the protesting members of the Society of Antiquaries and the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings, and the work of restoration, on the rebuilding plan which has raised such a storm of disapproval, is presumably to proceed. The proposed restoration is not, of course, an idle scheme, wantonly projected by the Dean and Chapter for the express purpose of annoying the antiquarian enthusiast, as might perhaps be inferred from some of the more violent expressions of opinion contributed to the correspondence columns of the daily Press. Something must be done, and that soon, to ensure the safety of those who frequent the Cathedral services. But the Dean and Chapter, supported by the architectural authority of Mr. Pearson and Sir Arthur Blomfield, have decided that a considerable amount of reconstruction, with all due observance of the original character of the building, is necessary. The members of the Society of Antiquaries and the Society for the Preservation of Ancient Buildings, on the other hand, denounce any measure of reconstruction not only as barbarous, but as unnecessary. Strong in the support of a number of experts, they propose a plan well known to architects, by which all necessary repair can be done from within, the outward beauty of the ancient fabric remaining undisturbed. All they asked was that judgment might be stayed by the Dean and Chapter until a detailed examination could be made, and a definite scheme submitted to the authorities by experts. They have, moreover, offered to sustain the cost of the work if their scheme should prove feasible. The request is reasonable and generous, but unfortunately the Dean and Chapter have not found themselves able to accede to it.

THE DAVY-FARADAY LABORATORY.

The opening by the Prince of Wales, at the Royal Institution, on Dec. 22, of the Davy-Faraday Laboratory, named after two of the most eminent British scientific chemists, proved that his Royal Highness is disposed, like his accomplished father, the Prince Consort, to patronise those intellectual efforts in the researches of physical science which have in the present age led to wonderful discoveries and most useful inventions. A token of the interest which is personally felt by the Prince of Wales in subjects of that kind was given by the repetition, at his special request, of Professor Dewar's remarkable exhibition of liquefied atmospheric air, which his Royal Highness had witnessed at a lecture some time ago. Lord Rayleigh and Professor Dewar have undertaken the direction of the new laboratory, which has been founded, equipped, endowed, and presented to the Royal Institution by Dr. Ludwig Mond, with great liberality, and is a very handsome gift for the public benefit. It occupies the house in Albemarle Street, adjoining the well-known Royal Institution building, and is fitted with complete apparatus for experimental operations in chemistry, photographic and mechanical workshops, store-rooms, museum, and library. Dr. Scott has been appointed superintendent.

CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENTS.

"ALADDIN," AT DRURY LANE.

If there be any product of dramatic art which ought not to be judged by the first performance of it, it is a pantomime. Somehow or other, theatrical managers seem unable to present a Christmas extravaganza which shall be as nearly perfect at the first representation as at the fiftieth. It was quite clear at Drury Lane on Saturday last that "Aladdin" was not perfectly ready for public inspection. The performance dragged and flagged, and it was half-past ten before "half-time" was reached. It is to be feared that but a small proportion of the enormous audience who witnessed the rise of the curtain also witnessed its fall. This, however, is an evil which cures itself. By this time, probably, Mr. Oscar Barrett's "Aladdin" goes smoothly and quickly enough. All that it lacked on Saturday was condensation, with an added "go." The raw material of a big success was there—a succession of scenic effects, impressive or charming, as the case might be; a blaze of beautiful dresses and graceful figures; a popular story, somewhat freshly treated; a cast of exceeding strength and variety, and, withal, a musical accompaniment of exceptional skill and interest. Mr. Dan Leno and Mr. Herbert Campbell are players who may be trusted to work up their parts as the days go by. The former is the Widow Twankey, the latter the magician Abanazar. The widow keeps a high-class "society" laundry, where the Emperor's own clothes are washed, and where the Princess Badroulbador herself does not disdain to take shelter from the mob. The Princess is Miss Decima Moore, and well endowed, therefore, in the matter of voice and vocal skill. As a dancer Miss Moore is not so accomplished; while, on the other hand, the Aladdin (Miss Ada Blanche) dances even better than she sings. The Widow has an assistant well known to

playgoers as Miss Clara Jecks, and we all hope that clever lady will have more given her to do. Meanwhile, the thought of employing Mr. Cinquevalli, most wonderful of jugglers, as the Spirit of the Lamp, was distinctly happy; and very stirring is the scene in which he, playing fantastic tricks with torches, seeks to impede the dauntless Aladdin.

"THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS," AT THE OLYMPIC.

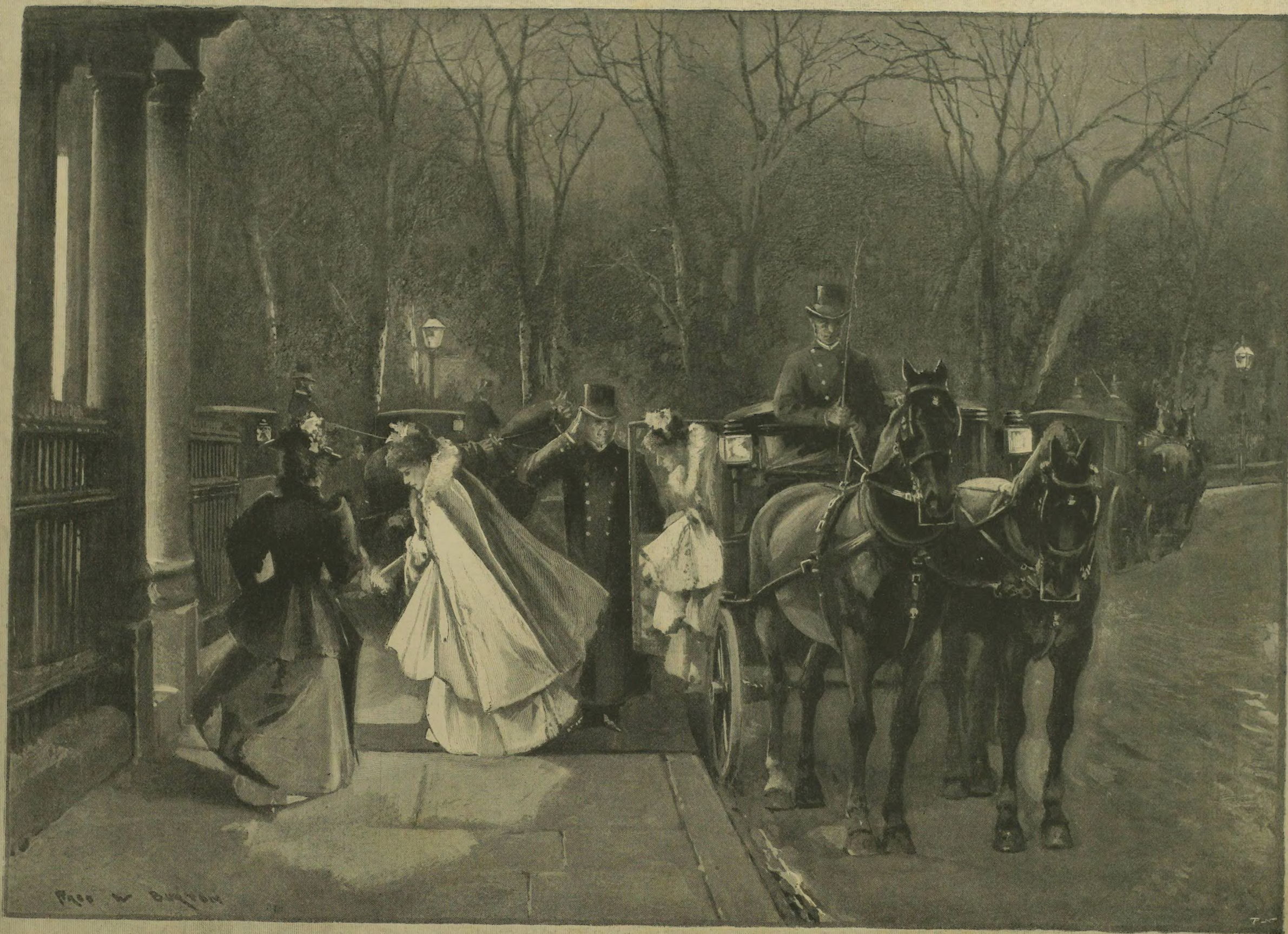
Not far from Drury Lane—namely, at the Olympic—there is an entertainment to which has been accorded the name—the honoured name—of "The Pilgrim's Progress." Let it not be supposed, however, that this is a dramatisation of the immortal allegory. Had any such thing been attempted, the Censor would probably have given it its quietus. But it has not been attempted. The "Pilgrim's Progress" of the Olympic is, happily, not at all that of John Bunyan, tinker. It claims to be based only on the tinker's work. Christian is there, to be sure; but he is not the Christian of the original story. He is a young bachelor, with a sweetheart (Speranza), who urges him to undertake the perilous journey from Castle Joyous to the Celestial City. He undertakes it accordingly—passing along the Narrow Way, where Malignity (Miss Laura Johnson) warns him against Apollyon (Mr. Abingdon), and where Graspall, and Crafty, and Simple, and Dame Gossip, flourish for a while; coming in due course to the House of Pride, where Melusina (Miss Emily Fitzroy) joins with Mammon in a vain effort to enslave him; thence to Vanity Fair, where he loses his companion Faithful (Mr. Cockburn), and is himself placed in durance vile—to the Valley of the Shadow of Death, where he slays Apollyon—and, finally, to the Celestial City, where he is received and welcomed by Speranza (Miss Esmé Beringer). If it cannot be said that all this is precisely lively, one may say at once that it is not offensive—that every care has been taken not to hurt the sensibilities of those for whom "The Pilgrim's Progress" has sacred, or at least religious, associations. The Olympic show may bore, but it can hardly outrage. It is even possible that there are those whom it may edify. It is quite undramatic, but it furnishes a picturesque panorama. The scenic background and the varied costumes are calculated to delight the eye; as the vocal and instrumental music is likely to gratify the ear.

"BLACK-EYED SUSAN," AT THE ADELPHI.

The promoters of "The Pilgrim's Progress" speak of it as "a mystery play." There appears to be a present tendency to go a long way back for theatrical diversion. There is the Adelphi, of all playhouses, submitting to its patrons revivals of that sixty-seven-year-old piece, "Black-Eyed Susan," and that forty-five-year-old piece, "All that Glitters is not Gold"! And what is more, the departure may prove to be well conceived. The verdict the other night was all in its favour. The supercilious sneered, and there may have been a few dissentients even in pit and gallery; but the general voice was raised in loud applause. Old-fashioned indeed is "All that Glitters," but it is homely, it is wholesome enough, and its sentiment and its humour, alike simple, evidently please the Adelphi public. Stephen Plum (Mr. Fulton), the horny-handed son of toil, gets rounds of cheering; and the preposterous Toby Twinkle (Mr. Harry Nicholls) causes multitudinous sides to shake, especially when he more than hints that there has been an undue strain upon his nether garments. Many, again, are the tears shed over the sorrows of Martha Gibbs, the virtuous factory-hand (Miss Featherston). Tears, forsooth! They fall like rain in the penultimate scene of "Black-Eyed Susan," in which William and his wife bid adieu to each other, all unknowing of the reprieve which is to lighten and brighten the final tableau. Of the triumph of Douglas Jerrold's ingenuous drama there can be no doubt. William's song and hornpipe, as rendered by Mr. Terriss, are received with acclamation; and Miss Millward is voted a most interesting Susan.

"CINDERELLA," AT THE GRAND THEATRE.

Islington is proverbially, or traditionally "merrie," and the Grand Theatre at this season of the year never fails to furnish its quota to the gaiety of this populous suburb. The managers are famous for their enterprise, and for ten years past their liberality in the matter of engaging clever artists and placing their annual pantomime upon the stage with due elaboration of scenic charm and sartorial fantasy has been abetted by the humour and whimsicality of Mr. Geoffrey Thorn, whose reputation as a librettist stands high indeed in the estimation of all North London playgoers. This year he has had to deal with the time-honoured legend of "Cinderella," and he has contrived to bring it thoroughly up to date. A showy and effective Procession of Nations, for instance, not only supplies the stage with a charming variety of costume and colour, but affords the emotional audience an opportunity of giving expression, *ore rotundo*, alike to its sympathies and antipathies, and in the kitchen scene the story is brought still more up to date, and the management proves itself absolutely *dans le mouvement* by the introduction of "animated photographs," well done, and productive of distinct enthusiasm among the audience. The pantomime is not only brightly written and generously staged, but also excellently acted. That popular comedian Mr. Harry Randall keeps the stage alive whenever he is to the fore in his vivacious rôle of Pepper, the page, and his natural humour adds largely to the fun of the piece.



TO SEE THE NEW YEAR IN.



GERMAN INFANTRY AT EXERCISE ON SNOW-SHOES.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Watts, R.A., favoured by the absence of fog, was a spectator at the exhibition of his own works in Regent Street the other morning. Though he has reached the pacific eighties, Mr. Watts is still active in mind and manner, alert as many a man of half his years. In hanging this collection of his pictures the directors of the Gallery followed, as far as possible, the artist's own injunction that all should be upon the line. That is the main reason why the number of the works on view is limited to some hundred and fifty. Mr. Watts's objection to "skying" pictures is an old one. Had he been able to make his influence felt at Burlington House, the canvases hung there each spring would be reduced to half their number; and when the old Grosvenor Gallery was in existence, Mr. Watts's many contributions to its walls were in part a protest against the very literal overcrowding at the older institution.

Mr. C. E. Hallé, one supposes, must have taken especial pride in organising, and for a second time, a one-man exhibition of the work of Mr. Watts: for at the beginning of his own art career he had the help and encouragement of Mr. Watts. The late Sir Charles Hallé, in a letter to his wife dated 1862, says that he has an invitation for dinner from the Prinseps, and that he thinks he ought to accept it "on account of Charlie and Watts," a perhaps imperfect ground for becoming a guest, but one that even the host and hostess would pardon in a father. The day after the dinner the musician, who has made out his opportunity, writes again: "Watts wishes to see everything that Charlie has ever done, and he promised to give me the best advice he could as to the masters we must give the boy. Watts is certainly the man in whom, as an artist, I feel the greatest confidence, and I am very happy that he takes so much interest in Charlie." Such kindnesses are not forgotten, even after a lapse of five-and-thirty years.

Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark have been welcomed by all classes at Copenhagen with affectionate cordiality, and on Saturday the King and Queen entertained the whole Court, the royal family, and the chief dignitaries of the kingdom with a State banquet in honour of the lately married royal couple.

Mr. Gladstone's eighty-seventh birthday was celebrated on Tuesday, Dec. 29, by his family at Hawarden, with many tokens of congratulation from his personal friends and public admirers. He and Mrs. Gladstone are going to the South of France.

The Orphanage and Crèche in Lower Seymour Street—one of the first to be established in this country—has many devoted friends, Lady Russell of Killowen among the foremost. The Sisters of Charity who manage the institution make remarkably able amateur mothers for the children confided to their care for the day by parents called from home by pressing occupations; and an appeal on their behalf is to be made in St. James's Church, Spanish Place, on Sunday week, by Father Bernard Vaughan, the eloquent brother of the Cardinal.

Mr. and Mrs. Crackanthorpe have written a very proper letter to the daily papers about the lamented death of their son, Mr. Hubert Crackanthorpe. The facts of that catastrophe are just as we stated them to be a fortnight ago; and there is absolutely no foundation for the rumours telegraphed from Paris of any appearances of Mr. Hubert Crackanthorpe here or there since the first week of November. Nor is there a figment of evidence in support of the theory of foul play—a theory which took such definite form as to fill the poster of one London paper with the line, "Murder of Mr. Crackanthorpe." That is almost an international discourtesy. The simple truth is that Mr. Hubert Crackanthorpe's fate has presented little or no uncertainty to those best informed, from the very first evening he left his mother in the hotel in Paris; and any full inquiry, such as would have been held had the tragedy belonged to the Thames and not to the Seine, could result only in one verdict, a verdict in which foul play, as to the actual manner of his death, could have no part.

A very fine and successful type of the lawyer and man of business has been lost to us by the death, in his eighty-first year, of Mr. James Cuddon. Mr. Cuddon was a barrister-at-law, called at Lincoln's Inn; and he wrote a book about copyhold tenure; but he was best known as chairman of the Law Union and Crown Fire and Life Insurance Company, a post in which his acumen as a man of affairs was of great benefit to all concerned.

Smokers need fear no decrease in the supply of amber for their mouthpieces. In Dantzic alone during last year nearly one hundred tons of amber were turned to the smoker's purpose in pipes and cigarette-holders. This, of course, is amber of the familiar yellow variety. Sicilian amber, on the other hand, shows a wonderful variety of tints, from ruby-red to turquoise-blue, as may best be seen in the private collection of Mr. Arnold Buffum, an American of fortune, who has made coloured ambers his hobby, has written a book about them, and has recently been on a visit to London, carrying with him a number of his finest specimens.

Christmas is the licensed season of newspaper misprints; but perhaps some readers of "the leading organ" may have thought its art-critic was less than respectful to Lord Leighton by the reference to "his green period," whereas "Greek" was evidently the word that had been written. And another daily paper has struck a blow at anthologies by predicting for one of Mr. William Watson's poems a place in all "anthropologies" of future times.

Again, on Boxing night, Mr. Henry Wood achieved a musical triumph in the Queen's Hall Promenade Concerts, but this time rather from the popular than from the eclectic point of view. Mr. Santley, of course, sang "Nazareth," and though at first he was a trifle off colour, he finished in really grand style. Madame Belle Cole also sang with all that lusciousness of tone and prepossessing richness which so endear her to the popular ear. An elaborate selection of old English airs was given, some old, some not very old, but all very well played indeed, chiefly by the various instrumental leaders supported by the general orchestra. It was,

indeed, an excellent concert all round; but Mr. Wood is so rapidly educating his "popular" audiences to the high things of art that we shall quite expect a performance of Bach's Christmas Oratorio next year. To-night (Saturday) he plays an elaborate Wagner programme.

Whatever English critics may think and say concerning the merits of English music and its progress during the last half-century, English musicians are, at all events, not going to be afraid of the subject, and it is decided that there will actually be a music section in the Victorian Era Exhibition which is to be held at Earl's Court this year. Sir Alexander Mackenzie, Dr. Parry, Professor Stanford, Mr. Henry Wood, Signor Randegger, and other gentlemen of repute as English musicians have undertaken to interest themselves in the matter, and several gentlemen have offered the loan of valuable autographs and mementoes of the musical events included within the last sixty years. Let us hope that, among other matters, it will not be forgotten to include the original MS. of Costa's version of "God Save the Queen." We should like to see that.

The Earl of Kenmare is the owner of that most unfortunate tract of Irish land upon which the terrible bog-slip has just taken place. He is one of the largest landowners in Ireland, possessing something like eighty thousand acres in Kerry alone, to say nothing of other property in Limerick and Cork. The Kerry estate is famous for sport of a very varied kind. For purposes of deer-stalking it is, perhaps, not so fine as the estate of Lord Lovat—a Scots Catholic landlord, by the way—in the Highlands, or that of the Duke of Sutherland, but it surpasses these great estates in the wealth of its possibilities for pheasant, snipe, and partridge shooting. Lord Kenmare, who was born in 1825, has occupied many distinguished public posts since 1856, and sat as M.P. for County Kerry between the years 1852 and 1871, when he succeeded to his title. His Killarney seat is well known for the wealth and curious uniqueness of its appointments.

The past year has been so rich in achievement in the sphere of daring exploration that some sympathy can be expressed for Mr. de Windt, the brother-in-law of Sir Charles Brooke, in the failure of his attempt to travel from New York to Paris by land, by crossing the ice-bound Behring Straits. Mr. de Windt, whose former bold explorations in Russia and Siberia are well remembered, succeeded in reaching the northernmost point of Alaska. Here he was within forty miles of the Siberian promontory, but found himself completely baffled in his attempt to cross the straits by the fact that their entire surface was not frozen over, but presented many wide spaces on which no footing could be obtained.

Readers of Latin may still find, even at this *fin-de-siècle* period, a little mild fun, quite up to date, in the Prologue and Epilogue composed for the Westminster Scholars' annual performance of a play, "adapted" from the Greek, by Terence or Plautus. This year, as was to be expected, contemporary public affairs and personalities were lightly touched with passing allusions. It was more amusing, if not more profitable, than the lengthy, heavy, sententious summaries of stale information prepared for some daily and weekly papers at the end of the year.

That is a curious little story which comes to the Press via that even more curious little organ, *La Voce della Verità*, as to Pope Leo the Thirteenth's own views upon his amazing longevity and vigour. His Holiness is represented as declaring that another little version of "The Golden Legend" has taken place in his regard, and that a nun who always enjoyed good health till two months ago, and who had informed the Pontiff then that she was praying God to take her life in place of the Pope's, is now dead. What more natural, said his Holiness, than the conclusion that this is the reason of his own excellent health? "I once parried a bullet with a ramrod," said a wit: and to prove the fact he showed the broken ramrod. Mr. Gladstone, too, is eighty-seven and flourishing. Where, one insists upon knowing, is the English nun who has preserved his life for the last two months?

The death of Sir Alexander Milne, of Inveresk, removes the oldest of living Admirals of the British Navy. Sir Alexander was born just ninety years ago, and went to sea in 1817, on board the *Leander*, the flag-ship of his father, Admiral Sir David Milne, to whom he became flag-captain at Devonport thirty years later. Sir Alexander withdrew from the service twenty years ago, but his name was kept on the active list, and some years after his retirement he received the honorary title of Admiral-of-the-Fleet. Appropriately enough the veteran Admiral presented the tribute of the Navy to her Majesty on the occasion of her jubilee.

"General" Booth, in his annual report, hoisting the banner of the Salvation Army with an unabated show of confidence, states that he received during the past year subscriptions and donations to the amount of £18,235 for his "Darkest England" scheme of religious philanthropy, half this sum from poor people, chiefly in halfpence. It seems that £4000 a year is spent in official salaries and medical, legal, and other professional charges. Forty-four "elevators" or "labour factories" have been erected, at which a man set to work almost earns his own living—not quite, for it costs the Scheme 1s. 2d. weekly, over and above the value of his labour, to feed and lodge him; but in the workhouse he would cost the public 6s., and in prison 8s. a week. The Scheme has to defray an annual charge of £8000 for rents, rates, and taxes on its buildings. Its farm colony, including the brickfield, yields produce to the value of £32,684 for the year, and continues to improve. The other Salvation Army operations are said to be in a flourishing condition.

A large exhibition of paintings, drawings, and photographs is to be held during the forthcoming week, opening Jan. 4, at the Queen's Hall, in connection with the Art Competition promoted by the proprietors of Mellin's Food. The display promises to be very interesting. The prizes offered for the various classes amount to over £1000; and exhibits have been received from children with the crudest knowledge of drawing and from the best professional talent, to say nothing of the great class of amateurs between these extreme limits.

A LITERARY LETTER.

Mr. William Archer has been telling us that he does not care for "The Pilgrim's Progress." That indicates an intellectual state which might entitle the anti-Ibsenite to claim that Mr. Archer's mind is abnormal, were not Ibsen too great to be the shuttlecock of discipleship. "The Pilgrim's Progress," whatever may be done with it on the stage, has secured the unfaltering admiration of the literary and the non-literary class of every generation. To Johnson and Macaulay, to Cowper and Coleridge, it was one of the greatest of books, as to the more simple-minded toilers of England and New England who knew no other book than their Bible. Its position remains unshaken even to-day, and two delightful editions of the book are before me. One, which emanates from Mr. Henry Frowde, is a tiny volume on India paper, suitable for the pocket. The other is published by Gibbings and Co., and is quite the best "Pilgrim's Progress" for the working library that has been published in our day. It is printed by Constable.

Editions of FitzGerald's Omar Khayyám grow apace—not in this country indeed, where the book is purchasable, apart from FitzGerald's collected works, in only one form, and that a rather expensive although sufficiently handsome volume. But scarcely a week passes without the advertisement pages of the American literary periodicals announcing some one or other new issue of Omar. The latest is a modest pamphlet of some fifty pages in an artistic brown paper cover, the kind of book which an enthusiastic Omarite—and there are many such in the States—will carry in his pocket. This Omar Khayyám comes from the Dodge Book and Stationery Company of San Francisco.

It is time that that farce terminated which has long obtained in the *Bookman*, and which has recently been adopted in the *Academy*. I mean the farce of publishing booksellers' statements about the sales of their books. The thing is utterly misleading. It is within my positive knowledge that one very expensive book, of which there were only 750 copies printed for sale in this country, was marked down as having a great sale by all the big provincial booksellers, while at the same time another book, of which I had the clearest evidence that 10,000 copies had been sold, did not appear in a single list. The fact is that booksellers sell what they stock, and what a particular bookseller in Manchester or Glasgow stocks largely is often a matter of his more or less amiable relations with this or that firm of publishers, or even with the publisher's traveller. When I see, on the other hand, that a 35s. book is reported as "selling largely" at Birmingham or Liverpool, I know that the Birmingham or Liverpool bookseller has bought two or three copies and wants them to "move."

But it may be said that it is not in the power of any bookseller to check the popular demand for the work of a widely read novelist. This is only partially the case. Beyond a certain limit it is the book which the bookseller keeps in stock and eagerly pushes that he sells, and I know of one case recently where a novel by a popular writer was enormously crippled in sale by the publishers' adding twopenny to the trade price. The said publishers had argued that the book would be asked for and bought with or without the booksellers' goodwill. That might be so in London; in the provinces it is not the case.

That question of the disfigurement of the review copies of books does not seem yet to be ended. One obturate publisher writes to me to protest against the word "disfigurement." "I send out," he says, "one hundred copies of a book, and within a week I can trace twenty in secondhand bookshops and circulating libraries. It is my duty towards authors and myself to do what I can to prevent this. I am bound, therefore, to make a rule in my office, which is scrupulously followed: I maintain the mark. The presentation-copy is a compliment; no one complains of getting complimentary tickets, and most of those who do boast about it; but they are ashamed to own that they are distinguished enough to get a complimentary copy of a book instead of buying it. It is indecent, this looking into the mouth of a gift-horse." There are several points in this interesting look into a publisher's mind. Reviewers ought to express themselves very firmly and clearly, to the effect that they do not recognise there is anything of a gift-horse about a review copy of a book. The thing is a mere tool to work with in the journalist's profession, and it is far more in the interest of the publisher to send a book than it is for the journalist to receive it. The attempt at an analogy as to complimentary tickets for theatres is absurd. The theatre manager does not ask the people to whom he sends free tickets to come into the theatre with a label round their necks. On the contrary, he gives them very good seats, if they are representatives of good papers, and saves any sense of misgiving they may have by careful sandwiching them in between men of distinction in other professions than journalism.

Nor is the publisher's objection that so many of the review copies of his books go into the second-hand bookshops of very much value; in fact, so far as the publisher's chief customer—the bookseller—is concerned, he is handicapped rather than otherwise by this soiling of copies. The impecunious reviewer who, after having given the publisher his pennyworth, takes the book round to the nearest second-hand bookshop, gets, perhaps, half the price for it that he would get if it were unsoiled and unstamped. He thus enables the second-hand bookseller to sell it again at half the price which he would have been able to do if he had had it offered to him as a perfect copy. This, then, makes very unfair competition for the dealer in new books. Logically, there is nothing for a publisher to do, I consider, but either to refuse to send books at all or to send them without any disfigurement.

C. K. S.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, with Princess Henry of Battenberg and her children, at Osborne, has kept a family Christmas, being joined on Dec. 22 by Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne; on Dec. 24 by the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, with Prince Arthur and Princesses Margaret and Victoria Patricia of Connaught; the royal family, on Christmas Day and on Sunday, attended divine service at Osborne. The Duchess of Albany and Prince Francis Joseph of Battenberg were also invited to the Queen's Christmas party. Her Majesty went to Whippingham Church and inspected the wrought brass screen, designed by Mr. Alfred Gilbert, R.A., erected in the Battenberg Memorial Chapel. Princess Louise, on her way to Osborne, visited the Southampton Eye and Ear Hospital; in the evening she presided over a meeting of the Isle of Wight Needlework Guild.

The Prince of Wales on Dec. 22 at the Royal Institution, Albemarle Street, London, performed the ceremony of opening the Davy-Faraday Laboratories, and witnessed experiments by Professor Dewar with liquefied atmospheric air. His Royal Highness joined the Princess of Wales and his family at Sandringham for Christmas, the Duke and Duchess of York and the Duke and Duchess of Fife being there. They attended service at Sandringham Church. On the day before they distributed the usual Christmas bounty to poor cottagers assembled in the Royal Mews.

The Duke of Cambridge on Dec. 23 opened a new operating surgery theatre at St. George's Hospital, being one of the Governors, and delivered a short address to the students of that institution. Lord Rowton, Admiral Sir George Willees, Major-General Giffard, Dr. A. Turnbull, Medical Inspector-General of Fleets and Naval Hospitals, Deputy Surgeon General Penny, and other officers of both services were present.

Lord Wolseley on Christmas Day, with Lady Wolseley, visited Wellington Barracks to see the 1st Battalion of Coldstream Guards enjoy their Christmas dinner. The Royal Horse Guards at Knightsbridge Barracks, the 3rd Life Guards at Albany Street Barracks, Regent's Park, the 3rd Battalion Grenadier Guards and 2nd Coldstream Guards at Chelsea, the 1st Grenadier Guards at the Tower, the old pensioners at Chelsea Hospital, the 2nd Grenadier Guards at Windsor, and the 2nd Dragoons (Royal Scots Greys) at Hounslow, dined festively on the same day; the 1st Battalion of Scots Guards had their Christmas feast on Saturday at Wellington Barracks. Lord Wolseley, as Commander-in-Chief, made his annual inspection of the Woolwich Military Academy on that day.

The London County Council has now resolved to ask Parliament for powers to carry out the scheme of purchasing and subsequently leasing the tramways of the North Metropolitan and London Street Tramway Companies; and further to lay down, and to equip with mechanical traction, a length of not less than five miles of tramway to be worked by a company, which will be required to construct one mile of the length.

The new Archbishop of Canterbury, the Most Rev. Dr. Frederick Temple, had his election formally confirmed in Bow Church, Cheapside, on Dec. 22. The Archbishop of York, and the Bishops of Winchester, Chichester, Oxford, Lincoln, Peterborough, and Rochester, attended with a Royal Commission. A clergyman named Brownjohn, from the diocese of Exeter, protested, on the ground that Dr. Temple believes in the philosophical doctrine of evolution. But the Vicar-General advised that this Court had no legal power to entertain such an objection. Dr. Temple was then put fully into possession of the See of Canterbury. His Grace next day, at St. Paul's, delivered a farewell address to the clergy of London, and ladies presented their gift of a Chippendale writing-table, cabinet, and other articles, to Mrs. Temple, in the Chapter-House.

A conference at Rugby of Head Masters of public schools which prepare for the Universities took place last week. A resolution was passed, by thirty-three votes to nine, declaring the organisation of secondary education to

be a matter of pressing necessity, and urging the Government to deal with it in the next Session. On the motion of the Rev. J. E. C. Welldon, Head Master of Harrow, it was resolved that this Conference would co-operate with the Association of Head Masters to get a strong central authority established for secondary education.

The City of London Wardmotes, for the election of deputies to the Common Council, were held on Dec. 21, when the Lord Mayor, presiding at that of Farringdon Within, at Christ's Hospital, spoke of the prospects of the City Corporation, and expressed his own belief that if the Bill for annexing Southwark to the City were passed, it would be safe from all attack to the end of time. The City was to greater London what a man's heart was to his body; if the heart stopped, the man would die.

Two more of the gentlemen sentenced on July 28, with Dr. Jameson, to imprisonment for the Transvaal Raid—namely, Colonel Grey and Colonel the Hon. H. White—were released from Holloway Jail on Saturday, having almost completed their five months' sentence and being in weak health.

The Irish movement to demand a more equitable adjustment of Government finances and taxation, as between Ireland and Great Britain, called together on Monday a Lord Mayor's meeting in Dublin, at which Mr. Ion Trant Hamilton, The O'Connor Don, the Protestant and Roman Catholic Archbishops, and several leading politicians, Unionists and Home Rulers, were present.

A bog at Rathmore, near the Lake of Killarney, began sliding down the hillside on Monday, descending some miles, in a stream of half-liquid peat, a mile wide and 20 ft. deep.

instigators of the murder of M. Stambuloff, or some alleged connivance at that crime. His widow has appeared as a witness at the trial of two ex-Ministers who are accused at Sofia, and letters or memoranda written by Stambuloff himself show that he believed in a conspiracy against his life. Prince Ferdinand has addressed the Bulgarian Assembly, recommending administrative reforms and commercial treaties.

In Germany the Hamburg dock strike continues, with 232 ships lying in the port, but work going on in 161 of them, 1570 new men being employed and 372 of the old hands. No violence is permitted.

Spain is anxiously considering the possible intervention of America in favour of the Cuban insurgents, her leading statesmen, Señor Sagasta, Señor Canovas, and Señor Emilio Castelar endeavouring to agree upon a national policy, while General Weyler's military plans of action in the island, supported by preparations of more arms and ammunition, keep the administration very busy. For the present Spain does not officially take notice of the resolutions about to be proposed in the United States Congress.

At Washington last week those resolutions were laid before the Senate by Mr. Cameron, supported by a report from the Committee on Foreign Relations, with a speech asserting the right of Cuba to independence. The debate was adjourned until after the holidays. President Cleveland and Secretary Olney preserve a friendly attitude towards Spain, but they will go out of office on March 4. The New York Stock Exchange is disturbed. But there are rumours of a friendly mediation.

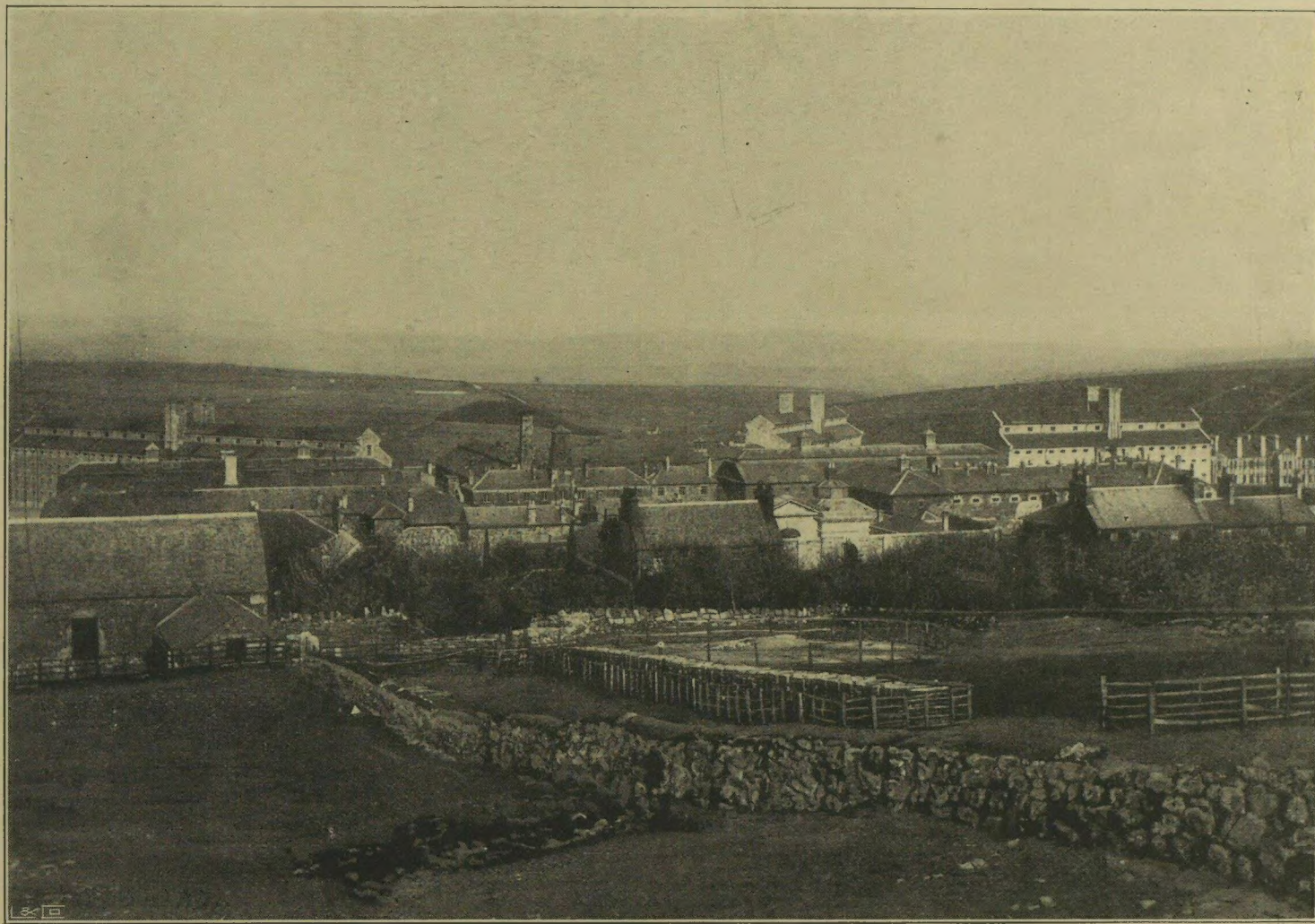
The distress from scarcity of grain in India has not abated; the numbers of people on Government relief works amount to 560,000. In the city of Bombay there is great mortality from the plague in the native quarter.

British South Africa has another trouble, but apparently limited to the Taung's Native Reserve district, inhabited by Bechuana, north of Griqualand West. Some two thousand natives, exasperated by the killing of their cattle to prevent the spread of infectious disease, have taken up arms, but their stronghold at Pokwani was captured on Sunday, after a stiff fight, by the Commission-

sioner Robinson, with the Diamond Fields Horse from Kimberley and two guns. The Capetown Volunteers have been sent. Mr. Cecil Rhodes has made speeches at Kimberley, at Port Elizabeth, and at Capetown.

ATTEMPTED ESCAPE OF CONVICTS.

Dartmoor Convict Prison, a vast pile of granite built almost ninety years ago in the wild and lonesome region of West Devon moorlands, some five miles from Tavistock, for the reception of ten thousand Frenchmen, captured mostly at sea, in the great war against the first Napoleon, has in later times been used, like Portland, for convict criminals under sentence of penal servitude, their compulsory hard labour being applied to cutting peat, quarrying stone, and cultivating the ground for such vegetables as can be grown in that poor soil with that rainy climate. A hamlet called Princetown, merely an appendage to this institution, arose on the neighbouring high road, and there are scattered over the moor in sheltered hollows a few small farmhouses; but one may still roam about for hours without meeting human faces, and the chances of escape if a prisoner can once break away from actual custody are tempting to bold men desirous to regain that freedom which they have hitherto abused. Such were the ideas of William Carter, John Martin, and Ralph Goodwin, on Christmas Eve, when they put into execution a plan before arranged, and started to run away from the gang of fifty-eight returning from outdoor work. There was a fog, but the guards, Rogers and Coulton, firing their rifles at a short distance, shot Carter dead while attempting to climb over a wall. Martin was seized and secured, after a struggle; but the third man, Goodwin, made off and roamed about the country till Sunday morning. He broke into several houses and stole food and clothes, till he was arrested by a policeman at Devonport, and sent back to Dartmoor Prison.



ESCAPE OF CONVICTS FROM DARTMOOR: VIEW OF THE PRISON.

One house, the dwelling of a land-steward of Lord Kenmare's estate, was buried in the moving mass. The whole family, named Donnelly—husband and wife and seven children—perished.

The French Government has resolved, upon the recommendation of the Ministry of War and the Supreme Council of War, to lay before the Chamber a Bill for adding a fourth battalion to each of the infantry regiments, which would increase the strength of the mobilised army by 160,000 men.

M. Paul Doumer has been appointed Governor of French Indo-China.

M. Anatole France has been formally admitted to the French Academy.

The body of M. Pasteur, the eminent French physiologist and discoverer of remedies or preventives against germs of disease, was removed on Saturday from Notre Dame Cathedral, and placed in a special crypt at the Pasteur Institute, Rue Dutot, with addresses delivered by French, English, and other scientific men.

At Constantinople the Sultan now makes a show of yielding somewhat to the pressure of European diplomacy, since M. Nelidoff's return to the Embassy. An Irade decree has been issued, granting amnesty to all the Armenian prisoners except those condemned to death for murder. Those liberated are to take an oath of loyalty. Four hundred fresh arrests, mostly of Turks, have been made in the capital. The reorganisation of the government of Crete and its gendarmes is being discussed. The Sultan, to remedy the financial exhaustion of his empire, has made a diminution of £50,000 in his Civil List, which amounts to nearly £950,000.

Bulgaria, and Prince Ferdinand's rule, to say no more, are deeply compromised by shocking fresh disclosures, which may or may not be verified, concerning the alleged



BARNATO PARK, JOHANNESBURG.

From a Sketch by Mr. Melton Prior.



CHILDREN'S ENTERTAINMENT AT THE LONDON HOSPITAL.

A FOUNTAIN SEALED

BY

SIR WALTER BESANT

ILLUSTRATED BY H. G. BURGESS.

PROLOGUE.

HIS MAJESTY'S OWN WORDS.

AT noon, as I knew by the shadow of my sundial in the middle of the grass; by the striking of the clock in the tower of Hackney Church; by the disappearance of the shadows from the side walls of

my garden, which lie exactly north and south; I was taking the air upon my lawn. It was, I remember, Saturday morning, September 16th, in the year of grace 1780. The day, though the season was already advanced into autumn, was fair

and warm; the orchard was still pleasing to the eye, those apples not yet gathered showing like balls of vermillion and gold; the summer flowers were nearly over, yet there were still some; the sweet peas, which had been that year more than commonly luxuriant, were now piled in a heap of brown seed-pods, brown leaves, and grey stalks, yet there were blossoms still among them: there were late roses still in bloom; the jessamine on the wall was still dotted with a few white sweet-smelling blossoms—it is a scent which makes the senses reel and the heart beat—it recalls old memories. Wherefore I, who now for twenty years live wholly in the past, love that blossom. There were hollyhocks, the flowers finished, all but one or two on the very top of their drooping heads; sunflowers gone to seed weighing down the thick stalk; trailing nasturtium; flaunting marigolds, which refuse to believe that winter is nigh; mignonette lying all across the path, its stalks breaking at a touch, its little delicate flow'rets without scent yet still beautiful. The soft air breathed a pleasing fragrance; there was no breeze. Such consolations of lingering flowers and perfumed air doth the autumn offer to those who are growing old and have retired from the world. With that strange pride of man, which allows him to regard nature as reflecting his own moods, as if the round earth, and all that therein is, had nothing to do but to watch his thoughts and to act in sympathy with them, I chose to take this warm, sweet autumn morning as granted especially to myself, and so sat on the garden bench, or strolled across the lawn and along the walks, with a mind contented and grateful. The humble-bee who rolled heavily about like some great river-barge on the flowing tide, reeling from flower to flower, covered all over with white dust, boomed its monotonous song for me: the honey-bee buzzed louder—a note of accompaniment and solace—for me: the yellow wasp fluttered about among the peaches—for me to see his beauty: a thrush sat on a pear-tree, singing, late as it was in the year—for me. What they said, or sang, I know not, but they filled my mind with peace and such happiness—that of resignation—as can befall a woman such as I am—lonely—bereaved—with no change before me—and with such a past as mine to look back upon.

It is my own garden, lying at the back of my own house: a large and richly furnished garden behind the house of a gentlewoman. At the end of the garden is a wicket-gate which I sometimes open in order to gaze across the broad valley of the Lea. From the elevation on which my house stands I can see below me the whole expanse of low meadows called the Hackney Flats, intersected with ditches here and there. This morning a light mist rolled over them—not the cold marshy exhalation which all through winter lies upon them by day and night, but a gentle vaporous veil through which I could discern the river winding in the midst; and beyond the river more flats; and beyond the flats the low green hills of Essex, looking upon which, on such a day as this, with the sunshine lying on them, the heart goes up to heaven, and the distant hills remind one of the everlasting rest to come when all tears shall be wiped away and the memory of former sorrows will only show as steps by which the soul hath climbed.

This morning I saw smoke mounting straight to the sky from the bank of the river: 'twas an encampment of the thievish people called gipsies: only a week before they had robbed my poultry-yard. Thus do thoughts and memories of evil

always mar the thing most beautiful upon the earth. I shut the wicket and locked it, and turned back to the house.

My own house: my own garden: all that is contained in either is mine. I did not, as has been alleged, receive them as a gift: and I have resolved upon telling you why I bought this place, and for what reasons I live here, retired from the world.

Twenty years and more have I lived in this house alone, save for Molly, my faithful woman. A long time: a peaceful time: a time without pain or disease of the body, without any anxiety of the mind except for the natural sadness which can never leave a mind so full of memories: yet from time to time I am disturbed as I consider the place and remember that I am the owner of all. Mine is the house: mine the books, the furniture, the plate, the wardrobe, the jewels, the garden, the orchard, the green-houses—everything mine. Yet what kind of price have I paid for this seclusion in this place? Whenever I arrive at this question, my heart beats and my cheek changes colour. If I am in the house I make haste to open a desk and to take from it two miniatures. The one represents him who was once my lover; the other, the fondest, faithfulest friend that ever woman had. These, too, were mine, and they represent the price that I have paid. You shall hear, if you will listen. Good name and reputation I have given; friends and relations I have abandoned; obscurity I have accepted—nay, embraced. No ankers woman in her cage has been more lonely than I, whom no one ever visited except one friend of that undying past and the Rector of Hackney—a good and worthy man who still, against his will, believes the worst that can be whispered of me and waits for the time when I shall make confession. This is a grievous price to be paid by a woman, then young, of good repute, well connected, and of pious conversation. I say that this was indeed a heavy price to pay. At the time I counted not the cost. Indeed, I willingly paid the price. Yes, and I would pay it all over again: the loss of name and reputation; the burden of a shameful story: for nobody in the world who once

knew me or has heard tell of me—to be sure, there are not many—but whispers evil things about me and believes the worst. Their whispers do not reach me here: the things that they believe do me no harm. I am dead to scandal: I am dead to the world: I live here, now a woman of forty and more: I hear nothing that is said and know nothing that is done. All my life lies in a brief season of three short months. It is but a little time to make up a whole life, but I live it over and over and over again: I am never tired of letting my memory dwell upon every day of that short time. I desire no other Heaven than to live that brief time over and over again, from the first evening when those two, whose miniatures I keep, came to my help, down to the last morning when we parted, never to meet again. Oh! Name, fame, rumour, scandal, reputation—all—all—all would I freely give over and over again and think them of no account for the dear sake of that brief time and of that most godlike lover!

At the thought of that time, house and garden and orchard and lawns, the breath of summer, the blue of the sky, the sunshine, all vanish: they sink and fall and



"Well," I said, "the sentiment is worthy of the writer."

disappear. I am once more in the parlour of the house in St. James's Place, and my heart is beating and my cheek is glowing because I know that he is coming and because he loves me. Yes—he loves me—me, the first. To myself I dare to own and to avow it: I confess it with a front of brass: I glory in the memory of it: I am so proud of it that I can hardly contain myself: on Sunday when I walk to church, Molly—the faithful, fond Molly—who alone knows all the truth, behind me, I dress myself in my best silk; I wear my gold chain; I draw on my best silk gloves, and I walk down the aisle to my pew with head erect and proud bearing. The world knows not why; but Molly knows: Molly says to herself, as she carries Bible and prayer-book, "Madam does well to bear herself proudly. Madam has been loved by—" But this we never say: we only think it. Some things there are that must not even be whispered.

Now, as I was meditating this morning, not for the first time, nor for the hundredth, upon these things, there came running into the garden Molly herself—and at the sight of her the past vanished again and the present returned.

"Madam," she said quickly, "there is my Lord's carriage coming up the road: his runners are even now standing at the door, but the carriage is stuck in last year's ruts. They are lifting it over. Shall I lay out your black silk frock? You have time."

There was but one noble Lord who ever came to see me: there was no occasion to name him. He was the one friend who remained to me of the past.

"Molly," I said, "I will put on my grey silk, and, if there is time, touch my hair before my Lord arrives. And give the runners, while his carriage stands at the door, a drink of ale and a piece of cheese."

So presently, in my grey silk and my gold chain and lace gloves, I descended the stairs and found his Lordship waiting for me in the best parlour.

Robert, Viscount de Lys, was at this time nearly fifty years of age. Too great a devotion to the bottle in his early manhood had produced in him symptoms which threatened to cut short his earthly pilgrimage. Indeed, he died about three months after this visit, which was the last time that I saw him. The gout flying about him, settled in his stomach, where it killed him after inflicting terrible pains. As befits his rank, he was buried in Westminster Abbey, where, I am told (for I have not seen it) that a marble monument represents him as borne up to Heaven, with the Star of the Bath upon his breast, by two angels. Indeed, I hope that his soul has received the reward of everlasting happiness, though it must be owned that during life, like many other gentlemen of Quality, he lived as if the means of grace were not intended for persons of rank, and as if they had no occasion to regard the next world with either fear or hope. Yet a man of kindly heart and generous, and, except for this vice of drinking, of a cleanly life. To me he was always loyal and true. Wherefore, if the prayers of the living could help the dead, Lord de Lys should have my prayers, night and day.

On this day he hobbled, leaning on his gold-headed cane more than was customary with him. His feet were in soft shoes; his fingers were swollen at the joints; his face was red; his eyes were bloodshot; his voice was husky. He was sitting in the window-seat looking across my front garden planted with box cut into shapes.

"Madam," he said, rising with difficulty, and kissing my hand—he always had the finest manners in the world—"I need not, I am sure, repeat that I am always your most obedient servant to command in any thing."

"Your Lordship," I replied, "is, which is much better, always my kindest friend." Compliments mean little, yet show friendliness. For instance, when one gazes upon a man who is the mere pitiful wreck of what he once was; when one remembers what he once was—how tall and gallant and comely; and when one tells that man that he looks well but for the touch of gout in his feet—which, indeed, is a good sign, for gout is better out than in—why, one means nothing but the assurance of friendly interest. Such compliments passed, we sat down, and came at once to the business in hand.

"Madam," he said, "I have in my possession—they have been lent to me by the person to whom they are addressed for the express purpose of showing them to you—certain letters which give me a pretext for making this visit."

"Then am I vastly obliged to the letters. They concern me, I may presume, in some way or other."

"They will certainly interest you. You shall judge for yourself how they concern yourself."

"What letters can they be? You awaken my curiosity, my Lord."

"They are written by a certain Person—whom you once knew—to Lord North."

"Oh! But . . . What has Lord North to do with me? Why does that Person write to Lord North about me?"

"Lord North has nothing to do with you. He does not even know of your existence."

"Then, how can they concern me? My Lord, do not without reason remind me that the world is cruel and censorious and believes the worst."

"I do not seek to do so, Madam, I assure you. Indeed, you have so often informed me of the true

relations—I mean, of the true friendship once existing between yourself and a certain Person—that I thought you would like to see these letters, which, in fact, corroborate your information."

"If you wish me to read them I will do so, though I do not desire. I had thought that nothing would ever occur which would bring me back to the world again—or bring the world to me."

"Believe me, dear Madam, I would not willingly disturb your rest, since it is your pleasure to live buried in this solitude. But these letters you must, indeed, read, if only for your own satisfaction."

"But, my Lord, once more: how does Lord North know anything about me?"

"I know not. I am sure that he knows nothing definite about you. I am the only person now living who knows anything about the matter."

"Are you quite sure that you know the story, my Lord?"

"Can any man know more of a woman than she chooses to tell?"

"I am still waiting to know what Lord North thinks or has heard."

"There are rumours—quite uncertain and vague—about the early life of the Person aforesaid: I suppose, because alone among those of his rank he hath led, and still doth lead, an unspotted life. People, as a rule, do not like those in very high places to be virtuous: every Prince must needs commit the common sins in order to win the love of the multitude: his faults, I suppose, bring him down to the common level. Very well, these rumours cling to a certain house in St. James's Place, and to a certain lady who once lived there."

"The rumour is, of course, the worst that can be invented?"

"It varies. The lady ran away with him: the lady married him secretly—it varies according to the imagination or the inventive faculty of the person handing it on: it grows: it becomes embellished: your name is known: your religion is known: nothing else is certain. People turn into St. James's Place when they wish to calumniate that person, and point to the house and tell their story."

"Nothing matters to me now, since I am retired from the world."

"Lord North, therefore, called upon me. He said to me, 'Rumour credits you with knowing something of certain passages which formerly happened in the life of—this Person.' I replied that it was true that accident had placed me in possession of facts which could not be published."

"In a word, my Lord, you allowed Lord North to believe that these disgraceful rumours were true," I replied, but would say no more, thinking of the truth, which I alone can know.

"Nothing of the kind, dear Madam, I assure you. He wished me to confess that these rumours were true, but I refused. He then begged out these letters and asked me to read them. 'If,' he said, 'any other person knows the facts of the case, let that person also read the letters. He, or she, will understand that now, if ever, the most absolute silence must be observed.'"

"But if there is nothing that need be concealed?"

"So far as I can see, the whole world may read the letters. 'If,' he added, 'any money were wanted for the purchase of other letters—'"

"Do not insult me, my Lord."

"Pardon me, Madam. I do but repeat what he said."

"The letters, you tell me, come from—a certain Person. Does that Person know of this message of yours?"

"I believe not. I should say not. My own existence is probably forgotten by that Person. He desires, apparently, to bury in oblivion a certain passage in his life. Would he, then, be thought more—or less—than Man?"

"He is more than Man," I replied. "The ordinary man cannot contemplate such virtues as were his. Now, my Lord, it is idle to talk about secrecy. I, who might have enjoyed notoriety at least, which is a kind of fame, have accepted obscurity and silence. Is it likely that I am going to attempt notoriety after twenty years and more? As for money—I refused certain gifts, once and for all, for I had no need of any gifts, or any help whatever in that way."

"Madam," he bowed again—"your conduct has been always full of dignity, and worthy of that passion which was once lavished upon you."

"Then," I said, "without more words, let me see these letters."

He took out of his pocket a book in which lay two letters. "You will, I believe," he said, "recognise the handwriting."

I did. I had one letter—only one—in the same handwriting, which was little changed. He opened and gave me one of the letters. It had reference to the creation of a separate establishment for the writer's eldest son. The following passage halfway down caught my eyes: "I thank Heaven that my morals and course of life have but little resembled those prevalent in the present age: and certainly of all the objects of this life, the one I have most at heart is to form my children that they may become useful examples and worthy of imitation."

"Well," I said, "the sentiment is worthy of the writer."

"And his gratitude is, no doubt, based on a sound and solid foundation."

"Assuredly," I replied. "Is this all you have to show me?"

"There is the other letter," he said, handing it to me with curiosity in his eyes.

It was a letter of a very private character. I felt that I had no right to be reading it: the letter was not meant for the eyes of anyone but Lord North. At the end of it was this passage: "I am happy at being able to say that I never was personally engaged in such a transaction, which makes me feel this business the stronger."

"Such a transaction," his Lordship repeated. "He means an amour—a pre-nuptial amour."

"Not at all. It means that his son has become involved in some love affair of a low and disgraceful kind: that he has now, in order to avoid the exposure which the disgraceful woman threatens, to buy back letters. This Person writes that he has no such odious business on his conscience: that he has never written letters which the whole world might not read: that there is no creature living who either could or would threaten him. That is the meaning, my Lord, of this passage."

"It seems to me, rather, as if his memory was playing him false. Such a transaction. Has he, then, forgotten everything?"

"Go on, my Lord." But my cheek burned.

"Nay! All I would say is that at the present juncture it is highly important that the—the—passage I referred to should not be whispered about. The effect might be most mischievous. It must not even be known that the writer of this letter was ever engaged in any love affair at all before his marriage, not even a simple and platonic affair of conversation only, and, you will allow me to observe, the censorious might ask why a mere friendship was rewarded by a comfortable allowance in the country."

"One moment, my Lord," I interrupted him. "You are quite wrong. This house and the income on which I live were not given me by the writer of this letter. Let me assure you quite seriously upon this point. If you have thought otherwise, pray think so no longer."

"Indeed," he said thoughtfully. "Then I know not who—But, dear Madam, why should I give you pain? I have shown you the letters. I have told you what Lord North said. I have nothing to add."

"About secrecy; who is there left to talk about the affair? You, my Lord, will never speak about it to anyone. His brother Edward died—alas!—seven years after it. Corporal Bates was killed in action. Molly doesn't talk; my cousin Isabel is dead; Mr. Robert Storey is dead: he died a bankrupt, poor wretch! in the Fleet. The Doctor, old Mr. Mynsterchamber, went abroad, I believe, and must now be dead. Mrs. Bates, the widow, may know something, but very little—"

"Dear Madam, there remain only you and I and Molly. Yet this Mrs. Bates—it may be that through her the rumours have spread. It is strange how rumours arise and grow and are spread around. Well, we cannot help rumours and whispers: we cannot silence the world. It is enough for me to assure Lord North that there is no danger of anything worse than a whisper; or more dangerous than scandalous gossip. There will be no proof that the son is only treading in the footprints of his father. Let us now, dear Madam, talk of things more pleasant and, to me, more interesting than of rumours which attack your name."

We talked long and earnestly: there was much to recall—the treachery of the Doctor, the good fortune of the Corporal, the evening of the masquerade, and many, many other things of which he knew a little and thought he knew a great deal. We sat talking together in my best parlour for three or four hours.

"Nancy," he said—for, having taken a glass or two while we talked, he had gone back to the past, when it was Fair Nancy, or Cruel Nancy, or Conquering Nancy, or Heartless Nancy, or Nancy the Toast, or any other compliment that he might light upon; in a word, his imagination was inflamed to some degree—"Nancy, whenever I remember that happy time when a bottle—nay, three bottles—brought nothing worse in the morning than an aching head, and when I gazed daily upon thy charms—ah! sweet Nancy—he laid his hand upon mine, but a twinge of the gout caused him to draw it back swiftly—"I say—devil take this gout!—that whenever I think of that time it is your heavenly face that still I see."

"Through the bottles, my Lord?"

"Perhaps." He sighed. "We could see through half-a-dozen bottles in those days. Thy face, Madam Nancy, was lovely then, and 'tis, I swear, lovely still. But in those days, for the angelic sweetness and tenderness of it, I say that it had no equal."

"Your Lordship is so good as to pay me compliments."

"They are the truth, not compliments at all. And this being the case, even though you should a thousand times affirm the contrary, out of your constancy and fidelity, I will never believe that a certain Person did not think so as well. Come, Nancy, we are old friends: I am discretion itself: it is an old story: tell me: was this Person a stock and a stone?"

"Certainly he was neither stock nor stone. Yet, my Lord, the words written in these letters are the truth."

"Ta-ra-ra! Ta-ra-ra!" said his Lordship. "Twas ever the most obstinate piece—as well as the loveliest."

His Lordship, I know very well, always took pleasure in my society. On this occasion—though he kept his horses standing in the road and his people waiting for him—though as to that he paid no heed—he remained talking with me, I say, for nearly four hours. It pleases me now to think with what kindness and remembrance he spoke of the past which he had in a measure shared. Yet, for all I could say, I perceived that he could not believe one word as to my relations with the Person above referred to. By this time I was accustomed to this disbelief, which at the outset cut me to the soul. What did I say above? The price was name and fame and reputation—all the things that a woman most highly prizes. And I had paid that price. Not one word did my Lord believe—affirm it as I might—as to the truth of those two letters. He laughed: he put it off with a smile, with the uplifting of his eyebrows, with a gentle inclination of his head, with the wave of his hand, with a "Nay, Madam, since you say so," with a pinch of snuff.

"Well," said I, seized with a sudden thought—doth

"These, observe, are facts which the world does not know. Let me add that when this lady disappears suddenly: when no one, not even her own friends, know where she is . . . then . . ." He took a pinch of snuff and shrugged his shoulders.

"Granted the whispers: would it not suffice if I wrote down exactly the truth as it happened—for the sake of the reputation of the Person concerned?"

"Why," he replied, "the world would be very much interested: the booksellers would be enriched: the Person concerned would not be grateful: the lady would not be cleared: and the whispers would go on."

"Still—it is surely best always to have the truth told."

"No one, certainly, would tell it so well as you, dear lady. Besides," he laughed, "what woman could desire a more pleasing task than to relate in her own words the history of her own amours?"

The words seemed, at the time, mocking and heartless. Lord de Lys sometimes spoke in this light and satirical voice: he meant, I thought, that a woman could thus hide what she wished, and reveal what would set her in a better light. However, they were wise words as I now under-

upon your previous history or your later history, or anything except what is necessary to show how he fell in love with you, and why. Tell the world who you were and what you were, and then let the Tragedy—or the Comedy—begin. When the love tale is ended, close the volume: draw a line: write 'Finis' below—walk off the stage, and do not let your lover lag behind."

This seemed sensible advice. As my story concerns one person mostly, I must write about little but what concerned him.

"I will try to remember your advice. Meantime, my Lord, here is something for your own ears. You spoke about the fact of a certain lady retiring into obscurity in affluence. I know, of course, what was meant; I have known all along that such a thing would be meant. This house is mine, and it was given to me. I have lived in it since November 1760. It was given to me at my own request. On the evening of the day when we parted—on October the 25th, 1760, his brother Edward came to see me."

"I met him walking across St. James's Place, I remember."



"Madam, I drink the health of that Person—once your lover—His Majesty the King!"

not Heaven itself send some thoughts, while the Devil if we admit him into the chambers of Imagery, as the Prophet calls them, sends others? "Advise me, my Lord. I am now past forty—"

"For most women it is a great age. You are still young, however. At forty I already hobbled: I am now nearly fifty, with both feet hanging over the grave. But for my advice. How can I advise thee, Nancy?"

"I know not what length of days may remain to me. But I think that perhaps some part of the allotted space might be spent in dissipating whispers or contradicting scandals which may be flying around concerning this Person."

"For the moment it would, perhaps, be best to observe silence."

"Yet you say that there are whispers—"

"Undoubtedly there are. When a certain Person is observed, or is rumoured—his face was not absolutely unknown in the neighbourhood of St. James's—to visit a certain house: when it is ascertained that a certain lady of that name really lived there—"

"Add, if you please, that the lady was always accompanied by another lady; and the Person was always accompanied by his brother—"

stand. No one, sure, knows the heart of a woman so well as herself.

"My Lord," I replied, "pleasing or not, I am resolved"—the resolution was formed at that moment only—"to commit to writing a full and complete history of an affair concerning which the world knows nothing—not for the clearing of my own reputation, of which I care nothing, for in this secluded spot nothing reaches me: but for the reputation of another."

"Well, Nancy, I think the world will like its own version best. Tell the truth, dear woman, by all means; and the world will fall in love with thee: and, what is more, will remain in love with thee, long after thou art laid in Hackney Churchyard. Tell the truth: nothing could possibly do more to raise the soul of a young man than to love the idea and the presentment of such a woman as thyself."

"Not compliments, my Lord; but as much advice as you please."

"Then, Nancy, my advice is this. If you write about love, talk little of other matters. Let your discourse be always of love. Speak not of affairs of State: keep the lover always before your readers. Let them hear the voice of love and see the eyes of love. Do not dwell at length

"He came to me. He remained with me alone for some time: he spoke most tenderly and sorrowfully: he took all the blame upon himself: he confessed that he ought to have told me all at the outset: he asked what I proposed to do: he agreed that I could not go home to live with my brother, which would be worse than anything: he promised that his own lawyers should make him give up my fortune: then, with a noble generosity, he offered to give me what I asked of him—a house in the country, so that I could always feel that I belonged still, and all my life should belong, to his brother and to him."

"Madam," said Lord de Lys, "upon my word, you amaze me. For twenty years I have believed that this house, with an annuity, was given to you by that Person."

"This is the literal truth. I knew what would be said and thought by those who knew some of the circumstances of the case. But I have told you the literal truth. More: this most generous of men, this fond and faithful friend, came often to see me until he left the country on his last voyage, from which he was nevermore to return. No one can ever know with what a truly brotherly love he regarded me, and how he lamented with me the bitterness of fate which dashed from my lips the cup which was just prepared for me. My Lord, the world knows not what a

heart of gold was lost when Edward—I still must call him by his Christian name—when my brother—yes, my brother—Edward died.”

“Nancy, tell me no more. Why should I revive the tears of the past? Well—give me a sailor, should every woman say: ’tis only a sailor who does the truly generous things.”

It was then four o’clock. Molly opened the door to tell me that dinner was served.

“My Lord, I have for dinner a simple breast of veal roasted, stuffed.

Molly is a plain cook, but I warrant the roast wholesome and good. There will also be some sweet-pudding or fruit-pie; and I can give you a bottle of good wine, I believe, if you will honour me with your company at my humble meal.”

He condescended to dine with me. His appetite, as I feared, was not good: indeed, he could eat but little: yet he complimented Molly on her stuffing, and he professed to find the pudding delicious.

After dinner Molly placed a bottle of port on the table. My Lord took it up with affectionate, though swollen fingers.

“I have loved thee too well,” he said, addressing the bottle, not Molly. “But for the warmth—nay—the ardour of my passion for this ruby liquid wherein I found man’s chief felicity, I might now be kneeling at sweet Nancy’s feet. Thou hast rewarded me, ungrateful divinity, with ten thousand red-hot needles. Nevertheless, as an invalid, a veteran—a discharged soldier—I must still worship.” He filled two glasses. “Madam,” he said, “I will drink to you. Strange it is—oh! wondrous strange!” he gazed upon me with admiring eyes—“we have been talking over the past—and behold!—it is a miracle!—your former face has come back to you. Memory is a witch. Your face, divine Nancy, is now once more as young: your eyes are as clear: your cheek is as soft—oh! the peach blossom on that cheek: as twenty years ago, when that young—Person—paid to all those charms the adoration of a maiden heart. Nancy—*à vos beaux yeux!* Could he again behold thee—could he get rid—”

“My Lord! you must not, indeed, talk in this strain. It is unbecoming for one of your station, and it afflicts me to hear such discourse. In this house we take one glass of wine a day—Molly and I—and we drink it to the health and safety of that certain Person.”

He bowed. He gave me a glass and poured out one for Molly, who stood beside my high-backed arm-chair.

I stood up, glass in hand. “I drink,” I said, “or rather, I pray, for the continued health, happiness, and safety of the noblest man in these three Kingdoms.”

Molly fell upon her knees. “By your leave, Madam,” she said, “I drink to the health and happiness of your friend.” These words we exchanged in fact every day after dinner. To me, if I may say so in all respect, they were a kind of daily Sacrament.



TICKLING.—BY PAUL WAGNER.

His Lordship rose with some difficulty. “Nancy,” he said, “your heart is all constancy and fidelity. It moves me. . . . I wonder if any man born of an earthly mother was ever worth a heart so true and tender. Madam, I drink the health of that Person—once your lover—His Majesty the KING!”

(To be continued.)

Prince Charles of Denmark and his English bride have met with a very enthusiastic welcome at Copenhagen. On their arrival they were met by all the members of the Royal Family; the Ministry, and the Diplomatic Corps, and the occasion was marked by much public rejoicing.

ART NOTES.

The collection of studies made by Lord Leighton, and now arranged in the Fine Art Society’s rooms (New Bond Street), have, over and above their value as designs, a biographical interest for every art-student. They show how the late President won his position by a careful and constant study, and how from the first he distrusted his own facile pencil until he had brought his aims and his powers into full harmony. Leighton, one can gather from

these elaborately finished drawings—subsequently incorporated in his painted pictures—did not regard himself as a heaven-born genius, who could dispense with every rule and trust to his own inspiration. He worked out each idea minutely, and before attempting to give the reins to his own talents, he carefully adapted his style and ways to the masters whom he was studying. To this fact we owe the sketches in this collection, which show the successive influences of Germany, Italy, and France, to which he subjected himself.

The Old Water Colour Society’s room is at all times a pleasant place in which to spend a lazy hour. The pictures are not too numerous, they never fall below a certain fair standard of merit, while they seldom rise above it. Now that Mr. Alfred Hunt has passed away, imaginative landscape is left almost exclusively to Mr. Arthur Goodwin and Mr. Matthew Hale, the former of whom is every year becoming more Turner-esque in his effects, until in this exhibition one of his cleverest works, “Engelberg,” repeats even Turner’s tricks. Mr. Goodwin’s “Portsmouth by Moonlight,”

and Mr. Hale’s “Falmouth” show both artists to advantage; but for silvery touch and perfection of composition Mr. E. R. Hughes’s “Pastoral” must bear away the palm. Mr. Rorke’s studies of old French towns and Mr. Samuel Hodson’s of Harz villages exhibit careful and intelligent workmanship. As usual, the landscapes at the Old Society are more attractive than the figure subjects, but Mr. Lionel Smythe has struck a bright note in his “Saint’s Day”; and Mr. Weguelin has achieved a brilliant scheme of colour in his “Danae.” Mr. Herkomer’s portrait of the Arch-Druid of Wales, with the golden collar designed and presented by Mr. Herkomer, verges dangerously near the ludicrous, but no fault can be found with its painting.

CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENTS



CAPTAIN CROSSTREE (Mr. Charles Fulton). BLACK-EYED SUSAN (Miss Millward). THE ADMIRAL (Mr. Luigi Lablache).

"BLACK-EYED SUSAN," AT THE ADELPHI THEATRE.

1. PUBLIC-HOUSE NEAR DEAL: JACK ASHORE.

2. THE FORECASTLE OF THE SHIP: "PARDON!"

CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENTS.

ABANAZAR (Mr. Herbert Campbell).

ALADDIN (Miss Ada Blanche).



PRINCESS BADROULBADOUR ALADDIN.
 MISS DECIMA MOORE.
 ABANAZAR. MRS. TWANKEY (Mr. Dan Leno).

THE GRAND VIZIER (Mr. Fritz Rimma).

THE DRURY LANE PANTOMIME, "ALADDIN."

1. FLIGHT OF THE GIGOLATIS.

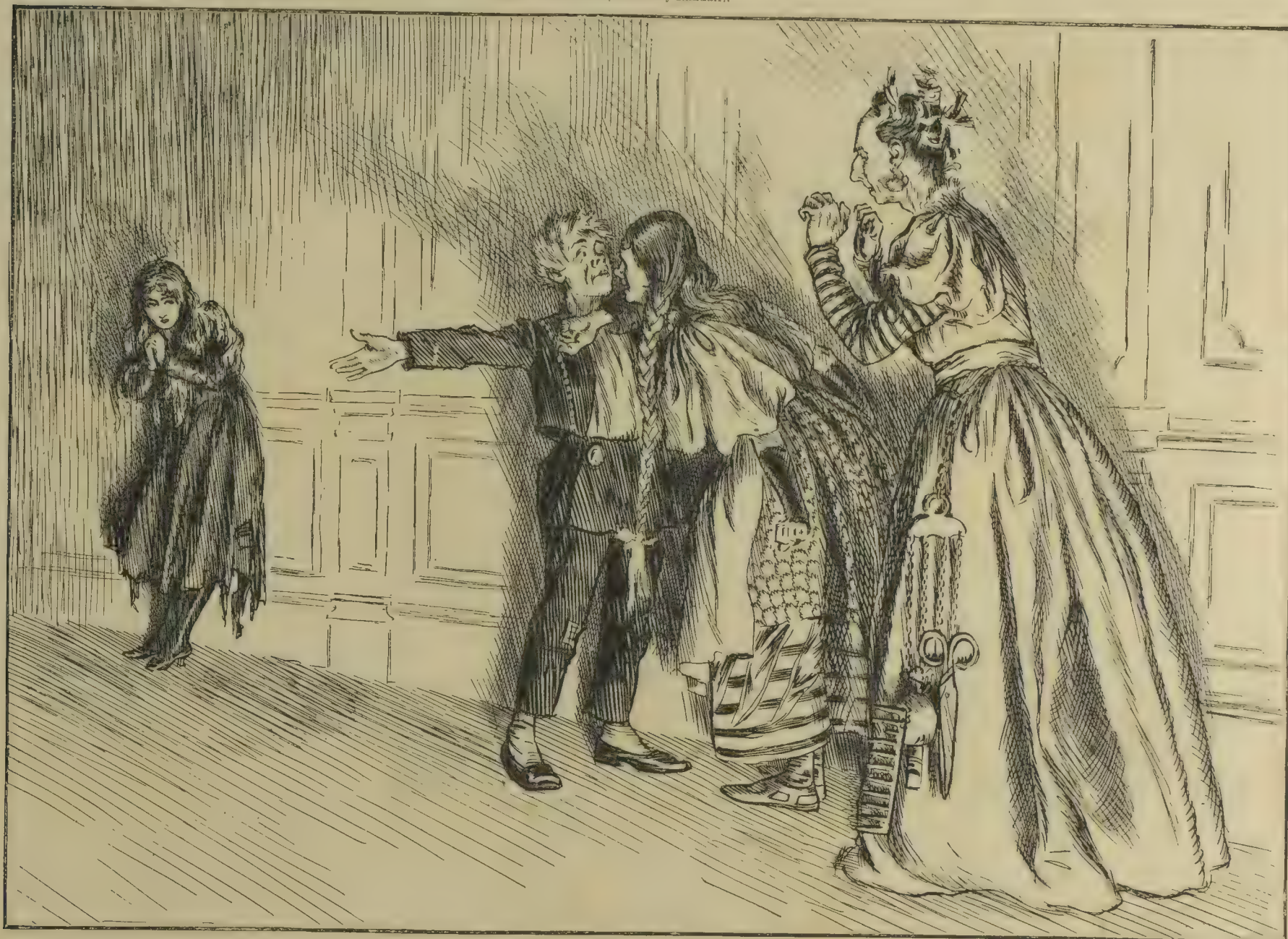
2. THE ASCENT OF THE MOUNTAIN.

3. THE MARKET-PLACE OF DRU-REE-LAYNE.

CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENTS.

CINDERELLA (Miss Nita Clavering).

PEPPER, THE PACE (Mr. Harry Randall).



The Ugly Sisters, EVELINA (Mr. Charles Stevens), and GRISELDA (Mr. George Antley).

THE PANTOMIME "CINDERELLA," AT THE GRAND THEATRE, ISLINGTON.

FAITHFUL
(Mr. G. W. Cockburn).GLORIOSUS
(Mr. Frank Celli).APOLLYON
(Mr. W. L. Abingdon).MADAME BUBBLE
(Miss Mary Milton).

CHRISTIAN (Miss Grace Hawthorne) tempted by FLORIMONDE (Miss Vera Beringer) and ISOLDE (Miss Roma St. John-Brenon).

"THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS," AT THE OLYMPIC THEATRE.



COMRADES IN ARMS.

From the Painting by Bruno Piglhern.

LITERATURE.

NOTES ON BOOKS.

An interesting record of the life of an interesting man is *Philip Gilbert Hamerton, an Autobiography, 1834-1858, and a Memoir by his Wife, 1858-1894* (Seeley and Co.). Hamerton was gifted, earnest, and singularly versatile, without being in the least superficial. Painter, poet, novelist, thinker, biographer, an accomplished and acute critic and historian of art, he always aimed at the utmost attainable excellence. His autobiography brings him only to his twenty-fourth year, but already he had resolved to devote his life to art and literature. He was well-born and possessed of a competency, but while other young men in his circumstances would have been at Oxford or Cambridge, preparing for a career of social distinction, he was "camping out" on the banks of Loch Awe, a far greater solitude than now, painting the grand scenery around him. Hither he brought from Paris the young French wife, who has told the remainder of his biography with affectionate sympathy and in excellent English. Much of their married life was spent in her native land, and to this we owe not only his delightful book chronicling a summer voyage on the Saône, but descriptions unique in their amplitude and adequacy of the rural and provincial life of France. Parallel with charming sketches of a happy married and domestic life, Mrs. Hamerton writes of the origin, progress, and fortunes of her husband's notable contributions to art and literature from "Etchers and Etchings," in which he popularised that dainty process, to such elaborate and sumptuous illustrated volumes as "The Graphic Arts" and "Landscape in Nature, Literature, and Painting," while an account is given of his labours as editor of the well-known *Portfolio*, which he founded, and in which, by the way, appeared some of R. L. Stevenson's earliest contributions to literature. Hamerton was appreciated by and intimate with many of his eminent contemporaries, artistic and literary, especially Browning, to whom "Graphic Arts" was dedicated. Mrs. Hamerton gives some pleasant and lively sketches of Tennyson in his most genial moods, and of George Eliot at home, surrounded by a circle of almost oppressive admirers.

Rambles in Sussex, Hampshire, Dorsetshire, and Wiltshire are pleasantly described by Mr. John Hissey in his new volume, *On Southern English Roads* (Bentley and Son), a continuation of his former sketches of home tours made in pleasant and leisurely fashion in a dog-cart. One of the great charms of a book of this kind is that it conducts the reader along by-ways of the regions traversed, and reveals to him secluded beauties of landscape and hamlets picturesque in their loneliness, which have not been hackneyed by description in guide-books and are unknown to the ordinary tourist and "cheap tripper." Sussex is, perhaps, the county which has yielded to Mr. Hissey most that is interesting in the way of description, especially in that comparatively little-known section of it which lies to the north of the high road from Arundel to Chichester. Mr. Hissey missed picturesque Earham, where Gibbon, Romney, and Cowper visited Hayley, but he gives his readers a glimpse of Burpham, that out-of-the-world hamlet of the South Downs which one of its few visitors from afar has called "a cup-full of beauty"; and of Slindon, as charming a village as is to be found in England, embosomed among hills and beech-woods and with a glorious country all around. Sussex is certainly not a county unvisited by artists, but even they may learn something from Mr. Hissey's explorations. Approaching Crowborough Beacon he finds scenery "more suggestive of rugged Scotland than of sunny England," and exclaims, "When will artists discover wild Sussex?" Mr. Hissey sees Nature with an artist's eye, and his own illustrations of the volume show that he has also an artist's hand.

English history in miniature is told for young people in *England*, by Frances E. Cooke, a new volume of "The Children's Study" series (T. Fisher Unwin). The little book is very fairly executed for its purpose. There is an absence of any effort to "write down" to the mind of childhood; while the style is, as it ought to be, simple and unpretending. Sometimes it is rather too colloquial. Canute is called "a fine man"; and even an adult reader might be puzzled to know in which of its senses, when applied to a man, the adjective "fine" is here used. With the same intention as that avowed by Mr. John Henry Green in the most popular of all histories of England, his "Short History of the English People," Miss (?) Cooke says in her preface that "less stress has been laid on the lives of kings and the battles which they waged"—wars, not battles, are said to be "waged"—"than on circumstances affecting more closely the interests of the people." But this laudable intention—one, however, rather awkwardly expressed—sometimes leads the fair historian to depreciate unduly the warlike achievements of our patriotic ancestors. It was surely unnecessary, after telling the story of the Spanish Armada, to add: "Far better than the conquest of the Armada was the great outburst of grand poetry which made this reign famous." As an enthusiastic admirer of Richard Cobden, the authoress might have known that he was a calico-printer, not (as she makes him) a cotton-spinner.

This is the age of the anthology, and scarcely a month passes but we are treated to a new volume of elegant extracts. Very few compilers, however, have shown the research and conscientious labour of the late Rev. J. H. Wanklyn, who, we are told, gave the best years of his life to the preparation of the vast *Anthology of Sacred Verse* of which four handsome volumes, representing one half of the entire work, have just been published by Messrs. Bemrose. Mr. Wanklyn conceived the idea of illustrating the Lessons of the Church of England with appropriate passages of verse, and of printing the sacred text opposite the poetry, so that each might supplement and illumine the other. At the time of his death, some three years ago, he had completed his manuscript, and the task of preparing it for the press has been undertaken by his family, who will publish the whole eight volumes some time before next autumn. The four volumes which lie before us contain the daily Lessons,

morning and evening, for the entire year; and these are to be followed by the special Sunday Lessons and those appointed for saints' days and festivals. The work, when complete, will contain some 1500 poetical extracts, most of which are of considerable length. It will at once be apparent to the reader that the work is one necessitating very wide and arduous research, and the critic will readily assume that in so large a collection an equal standard of excellence can scarcely be maintained. But Mr. Wanklyn has done remarkably well. His choice was primarily guided by devotional rather than literary considerations, and the student of Mr. F. T. Palgrave's "Treasury of Sacred Song" will miss many of his most beautiful selections from the pages of his predecessor. Nevertheless Mr. Wanklyn was evidently possessed of a genuine taste for poetry and a happy discrimination, and very few of his chosen passages fall below a certain respectable literary standard. From a devotional standpoint they are uniformly excellent, and his thoughtful anthology will certainly find its way into the libraries of many of those who have a care for collecting the literature of religion. Though confessedly compiled upon Anglican lines, it is absolutely unsectarian, and will appeal alike to the devout of all denominations.

It is peculiarly appropriate that while the Czar has been making the grand tour of Europe, the story of his travels in the East six years ago should be told to the world. He was accompanied by a very limited staff, among whom was Prince E. Oukhtomsky, of the Department of Foreign Creeds in the Ministry of the Interior. The Prince wrote an elaborate account of this historic journey, and it has now been translated from the original Russian by Mr. Robert Goodlet, of St. Petersburg, edited by Sir George Birdwood, and issued by Messrs. Archibald Constable and Co., of Westminster. A more sumptuous book of travel, containing, as it does, five hundred beautiful wood engravings and numerous heliogravure plates, it would be difficult to imagine. To Englishmen it is of first-rate importance, as displaying the Czar's opinions of India at a time when he had no need to be circumspect, or to express himself with the diplomatic reserve of a person in great authority. Apart from that, the pictures alone would make the book valuable. The first volume takes the tourists to Lucknow; the second will complete this great work. Altogether it is one of the most notable contributions that have ever been made to what may be called royal literature.

The publication of the *Poems* of Miss Louisa Shore (John Lane) suggests an inquiry as to how far the stimulus of the literary world is necessary if a poet is to be fairly fruitful and to give out his best. We all cherish the thought in our hearts that the poet should be a solitary being, living apart with his dreams and imaginings, altogether independent of encouragement, applause, and criticism. The biographies of poets who have reached fame do not bear this out. On the whole, they have been a sociable race, and a good deal dependent upon the suggestions and the stimulus of their neighbours, not to speak of the driving necessity of earning bread-and-butter. Here we have a volume of poems of quite exceptional merit, the product of a really imaginative mind. But they are unfinished; they are often crude and unshaped. Yet the maker of them could finish and shape. Life in a literary coterie is sometimes vulgarising enough; but it has its uses. It gives encouragement, a belief in one's powers; it makes the members of the coterie take themselves seriously; and the finer natures may escape the ill. Louisa Shore lived nearly all her life in seclusion. She had little stimulus, and little criticism. Her strongest impulse was towards poetic drama, and had she been more of a professional writer her "Hannibal" and "Olga" would have been more perfected, and would have won a wider audience than such as are likely to be interested in posthumous remains. But there are memorable passages in the other poems, and this one should be remembered—

Forget not, Earth, thy disappointed Dead!
Forget not, Earth, thy disinherited!
Forget not the forgotten! Keep a strain
Of divine sorrow in sweet undertone
For all the dead who lived and died in vain!
Imperial Future, when in countless train
The generations lead thee to thy throne,
Forget not the Forgotten and Unknown.

When Mr. Arthur Humphreys reprinted the charming little volume of "Cupid's Posies," which appeared in 1674, he probably did not anticipate a modern imitator of the old fashion; but Mr. W. T. Peters has fashioned a curious set of *Posies Out of Rings, and Other Conceits*, which Mr. Lane has issued in a charming form from the Bodley Head. They are notable mainly for their utter out-of-dateness and for quaint turns of fancy rather than for any poetic excellence. The one on Diana of the Crossways is a good sample—

Fashioned in cunning curves, her mouth was so
Enchanting, Cupid took it for his bow;
And at my wavering heart once aiming it,
He shot me with an arrow of her wit.

There is an exasperating amount of benevolence about the intelligent wanderer in out-of-the-way places. While he is on a lonely mountain-top or a barren heath, where no living tourist before himself has dragged a knapsack and a walking-stick, he hugs his solitude. Then he returns to his inn, and after partaking of dinner—a fact always chronicled, which is an aggravation of his offence, for if he recorded starvation he would be less harmful—he writes his account of the day and develops his photographs. In due course he returns to his native land and interviews a publisher, who brings out his work, which speaks in rapturous praise of a solitude that will be an impossibility for evermore. It is most ill-placed benevolence or egregious vanity—rightly considered, a kind of treachery. For the great public, has it not its Cooks and its Gazes to serve its needs? The real elect among wanderers come home and tell wonderful and lying tales of dangers and delights, but only by word of mouth, and in conversation details of routes and latitudes are easily omitted. It is ungrateful

to speak in this strain of Mr. Gaston Vuillier's *The Forgotten Isles* (Hutchinson) which Mr. Frederic Breton has just rendered in English. It is a most pleasant, an unusually well written, and, we hasten to add, well translated book; but if one were to set off now for the scenes he commemorates, one would probably find they were no longer "forgotten"; that M. Vuillier's remembrance of them had been fatal to their retention of native charm. Corsica is, of course, an old tourist haunt by this time, but Sardinia does not, we think, come into Cook's circular tours, nor do the Balearic Isles, which one had come to believe only existed now in geographies. They have, it appears, a delightful existence in fact, Majorca holding out strong attractions in the way of climate, beautiful inhabitants, architecture, and natural wonders. It was very indiscreet of M. Vuillier to write so pleasant and so full a description of his wanderings, and to illustrate his indiscretions by numerous and spirited pictures; but at least, to his credit be it said, he has dwelt on the poisonous climate of Sardinia and the mosquito plague in Majorca.

"When a woman writes a novel," says Heine, "she has one eye on the paper and the other on some man, except the Countess Hahn-Hahn, who has only one eye"; and except also, we should add, Mrs. Lynn Linton, whose disengaged eye is on the New Woman. In her last novel, however, this unlovely being is denounced only negatively. The heroine of *Dulcie Everton* (Chatto and Windus) has "a conscience kept scrupulously bright, yet not morbidly introspective nor afraid of spiritual shadows; knowing little of the sorrows of life and less of its perplexities and sins; not dabbling in filth on the pretence of searching for an impossible purity; not a propagandist of any half-crazy faith whatsoever; neither the travesty of a young man in dress nor his panting imitator in pursuits; neither a 'soul' nor a 'good fellow'; neither 'fast' nor 'earnest.'" But Dulcie, again, is contrasted not with the New Woman only, but also with a woman as old as Lilith—a woman supreme alike in her loveliness and in her wickedness. "Not Charlemagne's dead leman when cold in her shroud—not Circe with her fatal cup and swinish victims about her feet—not Vivien after she had been taught by Merlin, surpassed in the power of attracting love this exquisite bit of human flesh." As, however, not even Mrs. Lynn Linton's power of word-painting can make the reader realise the beauty and charm which hypnotise Elaine's victims, he finds it difficult to believe that her devoted husband should consider himself justifiably poisoned because she was his murderess. Indeed, the impossibility of realising such magic, or rather magic, power is the weak point in this clever and interesting novel. The dramatic death of Elaine at the hand of the meanest of her victims was a fitting close to her career; but, unless this death was the gate of eternal punishment, it could hardly have been as adequate a retribution as a life in the house of such a mother-in-law as Mrs. Everton. "How delightful," cried Elaine, "it would be to fly like the birds, and live on flowers and perfumes like the bees and the butterflies!" "That is nonsense, my dear," said Mrs. Everton, with ominous gravity and maddening literalness. "In the first place it is flying in the face of Providence, who has not seen fit to give us wings, and who has made it necessary for us to live on bread and meat; and, in the next, bees and butterflies don't live on flower-scents, but on the honey which they find in the tubes of certain flowers. I thought every child knew that!" Indeed, the deadly dullness of the neighbourhood into which Elaine dropped down, like a broken-winged butterfly into a puddle, renders intelligible her fatal flirtation with such a creature as Percy Merritt, the local poet, who worshipped her, "folding his hands in a mediæval kind of attitude and knotting his thin legs into an ungraceful coil, somehow suggestive of rheumatic snakes." Even Dulcie is slightly infected with the Boottian air of the place, and is hardly as interesting as she is exemplary. We need not say that the novel, being by Mrs. Lynn Linton, is written with singular verve and vigour.

Mr. William V. Herbert's *The Chronicles of a Virgin Fortress* (Osgood, McIlvaine and Co.) has been evolved somewhat fortuitously, and bears incoherent traces of its evolution. The author's original intention was to write a brief history of the siege by the Roumanians of "The Virgin Fortress"—Widdin—in 1877-78, but he was led on step by step to describe the attacks on the town by the Servians in 1885; then the Turco-Servian War of 1876; then the Oriental War—so far as it concerned Widdin—of 1853-54, and the Russo-Turkish campaign of 1828-29; then Pasvan Oglu's rebellion in the first years of this century; and finally to give a retrospect of the history of the town since its foundation by the Romans. The result is a somewhat confusing kaleidoscope, the pieces of which are so garishly coloured as still further to distract and weary the eye. "I maintain," the author protests in his preface, "that a book may be good history, and at the same time readable"; but there is a something between the dreary drab of Dryasdust and the dapper pertness of such a style as this: "Tereb felt his sterile lips, stroked contentedly the moustache which was waiting to be born in the dark ante-chambers of the world, and gave several unnecessary and grandiloquent orders." On the other hand, Mr. Herbert can say of some of the most stirring scene he describes "quæque ipse miserrima vidi," and, as his authoritative narratives and opinions are opportune, his work should be welcome to all interested in the present phase of the eternal Turkish Question. Apropos of Armenian atrocities, here is a characteristic specimen of Turkish policy. A Kurd chief, Iskender, Bey of Aslom, committed such atrocities upon the Armenians that England and France intervened to induce the Sultan in 1846 to keep him a close prisoner in banishment for the rest of his life. Nevertheless, the convict was made President of the Supreme Criminal Court of the Pashalik, and was held in such honour and maintained at such a cost that it was worth while to personate him twice after he had drunk himself to death! Indeed Mr. Herbert has no doubt that, if Widdin had remained in Turkish hands, there would be still to-day a representative of the original convict enjoying the honour and the pension earned by Armenian atrocities committed half a century since.



The lovers strolled across the snow one winter day;
June might have blazed on every row of spreading may.
They billed and cooed, and wooed and wooed,
Nor felt the wind.
They saw no shade of ambushade—
For Love is blind.

AN AMBUSH.

By Lucien Davis.

Then peals of childish laughter rang throughout the air;
Love wakes from dreams as snowballs bang the startled pair.
The foe advance to seize a chance,
Then dodge behind.
The woosers laugh, nor chafe at chaff,
For Love is kind.

A HOLIDAY IN JAVA.

Java is a country lying somewhat beyond the beaten track of globe-trotters, but there is probably no tropical island in the world which can offer so many and varied attractions to the traveller. The interior is high, cool, and picturesque. There are plenty of easy mountains to climb, numerous active volcanoes to inspect and wonder at, and hot sulphureous springs to bathe in. The pretty wild flowers growing profusely on the hillsides would delight the heart of the botanist; the antiquary would revel in the ancient

eruption of this volcano was in 1772, when—to put it briefly—a large portion of the mountain was blown up by repeated explosions and scattered over the surrounding country, burying about forty villages under the fragments. The scene is invested with additional interest to the spectator standing at the bottom of the enormous depression caused by these explosions when the thought crosses his mind that at any moment he and the solid ground under his feet might be shot into empty space!

The Bromo—two days by rail, carriage, and pony from Sourabaya in the east—is such a strange and awe-inspiring sight that the on-looker can at first only gaze with dumb astonishment at the wonderful manifestation of the power of nature displayed before him. It would require a whole article to convey a sufficient idea of this marvellous volcano, and here it can only be shortly said that the original crater is fifteen miles in circumference—miles, let it be noted; and the walls, now covered with a shaggy vegetation, descend precipitously 1000 ft. The bed of this enormous crater has become, in the lapse of untold ages, a vast plain of sand, from the centre of which rise several small craters of later formation. The most recent of these is a mound of soft, greyish dust, about 500 ft. high, from the mouth of which are vomited forth, now and then, clouds of fine dust and ashes. The deep and incessant rumbling of this

all over the country, though Javanese and Sundanese are the languages spoken in the interior. As Java is a Dutch colony, the Dutch language, of course, prevails everywhere with Europeans; but English is very generally understood, and French invariably. The Dutch are kind and polite to English people, who are expected, however, to introduce themselves straightway and make themselves agreeable, otherwise no notice will be taken of them.

They must be prepared to see all the Dutch ladies in native costume up to five o'clock in the afternoon. They wear nothing but the sarong, a white or coloured jacket—which, unfortunately, bears a strong resemblance to a *chemise de nuit*—and a pair of native slippers which serve only to conceal ten little bare toes. They are visible everywhere in this costume, even occasionally in the streets, and invariably appear so attired at mid-day table d'hôte. It is only married ladies to whom this privilege of dress (or undress) in public is allowed, which is a pity, as young girls would look charming in this costume.

The usual charge in the hotels is five guilders a day, equivalent to eight shillings and fourpence, and travelling by carriage or pony in the interior can be done at very moderate rates.

The Javanese, like all Eastern races, are very fond of theatricals. The dresses of the performers are often gorgeous and picturesque, and make up for the many deficiencies in stage scenery. The writer witnessed a play in a small country place, and there the prima donna was an exceedingly pretty girl (for Java, that is to say), and her fancy attire well set off her graceful figure and quaint posturing, in which an outward flexible movement of the elbow played a principal part. A dusky gentleman behind a curtain repeated in a hoarse, monotonous tone the words of all the different parts, and the actors said nothing, but grimaced and capered about to give expression to the various sentiments of the piece. The music was weird, but not unpleasing. At the close, the prima donna in person condescended to come round with the hat, in the shape of a well polished cocoanut-shell, and the enthusiastic audience disbursed an abundance of small coins, due as much probably to the *beaux yeux* of the lovely girl as to her histrionic efforts.

Velasquez, after years of undeserved neglect, has latterly been the object of almost too obtrusive attention on the part of critics and biographers, and were his fame less well founded it might have been buried beneath the weight of his long-delayed honours. Mr. Walter Armstrong's "Velasquez: his Life and his Art" (Seeley and Co.) has at least the merit of brevity, and, thanks to the liberal allowance of excellent illustrations, attractions for various classes of readers. Except as a painter, Velasquez' life was marked by few stirring events. His career was eminently successful, his life happy. He was recognised as the unrivalled artist of his time, obtained large sums for his pictures, was created a Knight of Santiago—a rare



BUDDHIST RUINS OF BUROBUDOR.

Buddhist ruins, whose origin and history yet remain a puzzle to the learned; and the sportsman can luxuriate in the slaughter of the timid deer, wild pig, and tawny tiger. The native Javanese are an interesting people to the student of ethnology, and the Dutch system by which they are governed, evolved as it is from the old East India Company rule, presents problems which invite the attention of all who are interested in the government of subjugated races. The ordinary traveller, with no hobby in particular, and even the much-abused globe-trotter with no desire but to kill time, can spend some pleasant weeks in this part of the world and plan a novel and interesting programme for every day.

The writer of this article landed at Batavia in the beginning of July, and in a month travelled through the island to the east, stopping a day or two at every centre of interest. A railway which in the course of last year was completely finished traverses the middle of the island from Batavia to Sourabaya, covering a distance of 587 miles, and excellent roads penetrate to every part of the island. There are good hotels all along the route of the railway, and when the tourist strikes more into the interior and travels by carriage or pony, he can get fairly comfortable accommodation at the "pasangrahans," or Government bungalows. Hill-climbing, even up to 10,000 ft. is an easy matter compared with similar expeditions in Europe. Indeed the summit of many of the hills up to 6000 ft. and 8000 ft. can be reached almost without the traveller putting foot to the ground, as the active Javanese ponies scramble up places as steep as the roof of a house in a most wonderful manner.

Geologically, Java is situated on an immense fissure in the earth's crust, through which at numerous vents the internal heat finds its way. There are no less than twenty-eight of these vents, or active volcanoes, scattered over the island; and as many of them are easily accessible, they present a field of great interest and attraction. The writer visited four, of which the Gêdéh, 9300 ft., near the sanitarium of Sindanglaja, one day's journey from Batavia, was the only one whose ascent required some genuinely hard work. By setting out from Sindanglaja at ten o'clock at night and riding the easier part of the ascent for two hours, the traveller can reach the crater at sunrise, allowing himself a rest in a hut which exists on the hillside, from 3 to 4.30 for sleep and breakfast. The crater resembles an immense quarry, 360 acres in area, on one side of which the white rocks rise to a height of 600 ft. Clouds of sulphureous steam issue from a hole sloping down 150 ft. to a point with a continuous rumbling noise like the sound of a distant waterfall. At the Tankuban Prahu, ten miles drive from Bandung, the bottom of the crater is filled with water, through which jets of steam force their way up bubbling and hissing.

The Papandayang, near Garut, 145 miles by rail from Batavia, is one of the most interesting of the volcanoes in Java. The ascent of 7000 ft. is easy enough for ladies, and it is possible to walk right into the middle of the crater. There the steam comes hissing up with immense force and noise from about a score of openings, and as it condenses, forms mounds of pure yellow sulphur. The last violent

volcano is heard for miles around, and adds to the impressiveness of the scene.

The ancient Buddhist ruins of Burobudor, supposed to date from about the eighth century, are situated in the centre of the island, about twenty-five miles from the railway station of Djokja. The photograph reproduced here will convey some idea of their character. The quadrangle measures 362 ft. in diameter, and the height is 120 ft.

The railway in the west part of Java passes through some picturesque mountain scenery. The country is cultivated everywhere, and the view of tea and coffee plantations, and rice-fields in terraces up and down the hillsides in all stages of cultivation, dotted with men and women busy at work, presents a cheerful and animated picture. The island is very thickly populated, and it is astonishing how far up the steep slopes of the hills cultivation is pushed. In the plain of Leles, about 2000 ft. above sea-level, rises a conical hill, 4000 ft. high, which is cultivated right to the extreme summit. The traveller has up to this point been delighted by a succession of pretty mountain views. The climax is reached when this remarkable hill bursts upon the gaze. The plain of Leles in the month of July is one sea of ripe golden rice, with here and there a village of brown thatch roofs nestling in a group of lofty green cocoa-nut trees. Above it towers the Kalaidon Hill, as it is called, with little square fields of rice, potatoes and vegetables on its sides, gradually growing smaller as the perspective diminishes the view; and a diminutive farmhouse here and there, hanging on, as it were, in mid-air. In the middle and eastern parts of the island are observed miles upon miles of sugar-cane fields, above which peep everywhere the white chimneys of sugar-mills. Sugar forms the most valuable export of Java, amounting in 1893 to over £6,000,000 worth.

The best time of the year to visit Java is during the dry season, from May till October. The heavy rains during the other part of the year render travelling unpleasant. Batavia is reached by steamer from Singapore in two days, and there is also frequent steamer communication from Sourabaya to Singapore for the return journey from the other end of the island. The language of the natives on the coasts is Low Malay—the "pidgin" Malay of Singapore; and a knowledge of a few sentences will be found exceedingly useful



A VILLAGE AT BUITENZORG, NEAR BATAVIA.

distinction for anyone, but especially for a painter—and died in debt to the Royal Treasury at the comparatively early age of sixty-one years, his wife surviving him only a few days. Velasquez' art partook a little of each of his two masters—the methodical Pacheca and the impulsive Herrera. It was his own genius which fused the two styles into harmony, and produced those portraits which "baffle description and praise" and those sparkling landscapes and animated groups which show the versatility of his powers. Mr. Armstrong's monograph on the great painter's life and art comes opportunely, for while he renders full justice to his hero, he does not arouse the reader's doubts by indiscriminate praise. The illustrations specially adapt it for a gift-book at this season.



... TERNS: A SHELTERED CORNER.

By Archibald Thorburn.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

The reader must take the following statement with a good deal of reservation, for the source whence it emanates is practically unknown to me. The Roman correspondent of an unnamed contemporary informed us the other day, according to the *Daily Telegraph*, that Signor Mascagni was engaged on a new opera, the scene of which was laid in Japan, and that, while thus engaged, the composer is arrayed in a flowing robe and *coiffé* with a turban of considerable circumference.

On the face of it, the story seems *ben trovato*. If the eminent musician felt or feels the need of deriving inspiration from "vestural tissue," as Carlyle has it, one might, at a pinch, understand his having recourse to the ample garment that hangs in picturesque folds—for unless I am mistaken, the Japanese have not entirely discarded this; but even then the turban would seem to be out of place, for the everyday as well as the ceremonial headgear of the Japanese is utterly unlike that worn by Arabs, Mussulmans, and a great number of her Majesty's Indian subjects. At the same time, there is no doubt that many famous writers, composers, painters, and sculptors have adopted peculiar modes of dress while at work, and even away from it, and have remained convinced to the end that their flow of ideas, not to say their facility of execution, was materially aided by their partial or entire deviation from the ordinary standard of dress. Alfred de Vigny, the celebrated author of "St. Mars," was unquestionably a poet, both in virtue of his genius and his soul; lest the ordinary wayfarer in the street should remain ignorant of the fact, he took great care to emphasise it by his attitude and costume. Not only at home, where he lounged on a couch wrapped in a cloak, quasi-immortalised by the painter Gérard as the poetical mantle of Oswald, but at table and in the busy haunts of men, "he insisted upon soaring"—i.e., he walked, spoke, ate, and drank unlike the rest of common mortals.

About the same period, Béranger, from whom more sensible behaviour might have been expected, "got himself up" to look like an old concierge in order to impress the vulgar crowd. He habitually wore a red rose in his coat to draw attention to the fact of his not being decorated. Victor Hugo—who in those days had not yet adopted the figure of the "Creator" in Michael Angelo's frescoes with which he startled the world subsequently—strutted about with bent head, as if the thoughts it contained were too much for it, so that those who saw him pass might exclaim: "What a genius!"

Lamartine, who, curiously enough, aimed in many instances at the reputation of a politician, an architect, and a financial authority, rather than at the fame of a poet, dressed in accordance with the first-named aspirations. He rarely appeared in anything but the tightly buttoned frock-coat, although now and again he would remind his interlocutors that his sobriety of garb and his abdications of the sartorial adjuncts of "the poet's outward being" were purely voluntary. "In my youth," he said, "I was the handsomest of the children of men."

"In 1823 and 1824," says Alexandre Dumas in his "Mémoires," "it became the fashion to be consumptive: everybody suffered from lung disease, and especially the poets; it was the right thing to spit blood at any more or less violent excitement, and to die before one was thirty." If Dumas had had his will at all, he would, have probably dispensed altogether with dress while at work; he would have confronted his task just as General Maquart, of the First Republic, charged the enemy—that is, stripped to the waist. As it was, decency forbade, and Dumas contented himself with taking off his coat and his vest, unfastening his shirt-collar, turning up his sleeves to the elbows, letting down his braces, and composing his marvellous stories. Just the reverse of Buffon, who wrote his "Natural History" from beginning to end arrayed in Court dress, ruffles and frills, "fitly to sustain the dignity of the subject"; although one fails to see the connection between the dignity of the unclad animal and his somewhat overdressed biographer. Scribe assigned no reason for his sitting down "spick and span" to his writing-desk; but several of his collaborators, and notably M. Ernest Legouvé—the co-author of "Adrienne Lecouvreur"—have testified to the fact that the most fertile French playwright of modern times "failed to grasp his subject unless he was thus fully dressed."

Wagner, as is well known, worked in a fancy costume composed of black velvet with a kind of Tam-o-Shanter to match. It is doubtful if Rossini would have taken so much trouble; he was somewhat slovenly by nature, though not indifferent to his appearance when going abroad. He was, however, perfectly cognisant of his Italian nature, which withstood with difficulty the temptation of a patch of sunshine. This was probably the reason why he remained somewhat *débraillé* while at work, lest he should let it go hang. Even this seemed not enough precaution to him, and during the last three weeks of his composing "Guillaume Tell" he omitted to shave, so that a stroll on the Boulevards during that time became practically impossible. If the story of Signor Mascagni donning a special costume be true at all, the nearest approach I can find to it in my recollections is that of Paul de Kock, whom I knew personally. Those who were familiar with the novelist's habits could guess without difficulty the nature of the work upon which he was engaged, or going to be engaged, by glancing at his dress. When about to compose a serious chapter—and I use the word comparatively—Paul de Kock got into a blue frock-coat of military cut and ornamented with frogs, such as I remember to have seen on the backs of the veterans of the First Empire. When the subject was of a lighter kind, he wrapped himself in a blue flannel dressing-gown and jauntily posed an elaborately embroidered smoking-cap on his head. During the writing of "L'homme aux Trois Culottes"—the only political novel de Kock wrote—the frock-coat was rarely off his back.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

W P HIND.—Very pleased to hear from you again, and trust to find your contribution as acceptable as usual.

P H WILLIAMS.—Thanks; we have little doubt the problem is good enough. Mr. Loyd's "Chess Strategy" is very scarce, and fetches a high price. You might try J. M. Brown, 19, Bagby Street, Leeds.

J T ANDREWS.—The problem to which you refer was published 1st January, No. 2693. The new contribution shall receive careful examination.

C M A B and many others are thanked for their good wishes.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2744 received from C A M (Penang) and Thomas E Laurent (Bombay); of Nos. 2745 and 2746 from Thomas E Laurent (Bombay); of No. 2747 from Evans (Port Hope, Ontario); of No. 2748 from T C D (Dublin), Evans (Port Hope, Ontario), and P C (The Hague); of No. 2749 from H S Brandreth (Malta), C E Perugini, H Wilson, and Charles Jacoby (Brussels); of No. 2750 from Ubique, Joseph Cook, Charles Jacoby, C E Perugini, C E M (Ayr), T C D (Dublin), J Bailey (Newark), C W Smith (Stroud), Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), W R B (Clifton), W Curwen Barrett (Manchester), J D Tucker (Leeds), R Worters (Canterbury), T G (Ware), H Le Jeune, Odham Club, J Hall, Dr F St, C A Hill (Liverpool), George C Turner (Solihull Lodge), and R H Brooks.

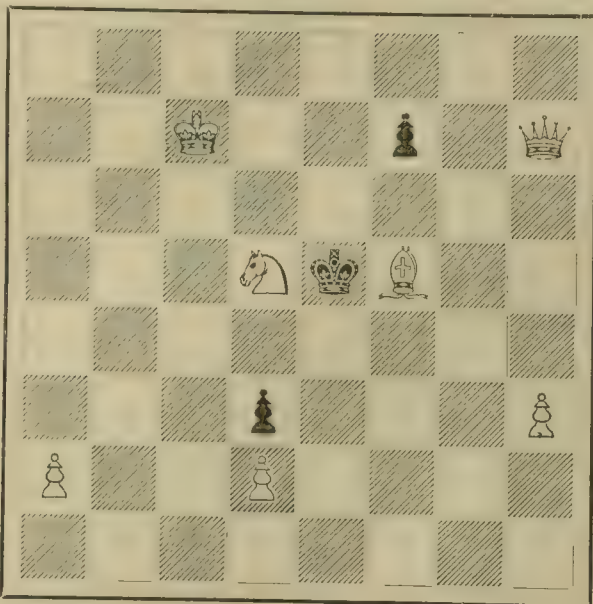
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2751 received from G J Veal, W d A Barnard (Uppingham), C E Perugini, J D Tucker (Leeds), George C Turner (Solihull Lodge), H Wilson (Belfast), Sorrento, Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), J S Wesley (Exeter), F Waller (Luton), W R B (Clifton), Bluet, C W Smith (Stroud), Twynam (Bournemouth), F James (Wolverhampton), R Worters (Canterbury), E P Vulliamy, Shadforth, Albert Ludwig (Alsace), Fred J Gross, F Anderson, L Desanges, T Roberts, Thomas Batty (Colchester), H Le Jeune, G L Gillespie, T Chown, H C Spurge (Lowestoft), Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), E Loudon, J F Moon, E B Ford (Cheltenham), Dr F St, Dr Waltz (Heidelberg), C M O (Buxton), W R Raillem, Dane John, Alpha, L P Wilkinson, and Eugene Henry (Lewisham).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2750.—By H. E. KIDSON.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. R to B 2nd. Any move
2. Mates accordingly.

PROBLEM No. 2753.—By C. PLANCK.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN MOSCOW.

Game played between Messrs. LASKER and STEINITZ.

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. L.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)	WHITE (Mr. L.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	21. P to R 5th	B to K 2nd
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	22. P to R 5th	Q R to Q sq
3. B to Kt 5th	P to Q B 3rd	23. P to K Kt 4th	P to Q Kt 4th
4. B takes Kt		24. Q R to Kt sq	P to B 5th
A variation which is supposed to lead to an even game.		25. R to Kt 2nd	P takes Q P
5. Kt to B 3rd	Q P takes B	26. B P takes P	P takes Kt P
6. P to K R 3rd	B to K Kt 5th	27. R takes P	R to B 4th
7. Q takes B	B takes Kt	28. K R to Kt sq	B to B sq
8. P to Q 3rd	Kt to K 2nd	29. R to Kt 5th	R takes R
9. Q to Kt 3rd	P to Q B 4th	30. R takes R	R to Q 4th
10. B to K 3rd	Kt to Kt 3rd	31. Q to B 3rd	R to Q 2nd
11. Castles (Q R)	B to Q 3rd	32. Q to K 4th	R to Q 4th
12. P to K R 4th	B to Q 3rd	33. R to Kt 2nd	P to B 3rd
13. K to Kt sq	Castles	34. R to K 2nd	Q to Kt 5th
14. Q to Kt 4th	Kt to B 5th	35. P to K 6th	
15. Kt to K 2nd	Kt to K 3rd	The beginning of the end. Not only is P to K 7th threatened, but the Queen is shut off from the weak point, the Q B P.	
16. Kt takes Kt	Q to K sq	36. R to Q B 2nd	B to K 2nd
B P takes Kt would lose the exchange, as White threatens B to R 6th.		37. R takes P	Q takes R P
17. B to R 6th	B to K 4th	38. R takes P	R to Q sq
18. B to B sq	P to K 3rd	39. R to R 7th	Q to K sq
19. Q to K 2nd	P to K B 4th	40. P to B 5th	P to R 4th
20. P to K B 4th	B to Q 3rd	41. Q to Kt 4th	Resigns.
21. P to K 5th			

These two centre Pawns really won the game eventually.

CHESS IN THE CITY.

Game played at the City of London Chess Club between Messrs.

W. VAN LENNEP and J. T. HEPPLELL.

(Queen's Pawn Game.)

WHITE (Mr. Van L.)	BLACK (Mr. H.)	WHITE (Mr. Van L.)	BLACK (Mr. H.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	17. Q takes P	B to B 2nd
2. P to K 3rd	P to K 3rd	18. Q to Kt 4th	P to K Kt 4th
3. B to Q 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	19. B to B 5th	B to K sq
4. Kt to Q 2nd	P to B 4th	20. Q R to Kt sq	P to K R 4th
5. P to Q B 3rd	Kt to B 3rd	21. Q to K 2nd	K to Kt 2nd
6. P to K B 4th	P takes P	22. P takes P	B takes P (ch)
7. K P takes P	B to Q 3rd	23. K to R sq	P takes P
8. Kt to R 3rd	Q to B 2nd	24. Kt takes P	Q R to K Kt sq
9. Castles	B to Q 2nd	25. Kt to K 6th	Q to Q 3rd
10. Q to K 2nd	P to K R 3rd	26. Kt to B 5th (ch)	Kt takes Kt
11. Kt to B 3rd	Castles (Q R)	27. Kt P takes Kt	
12. Kt to K 5th	Q R to B sq	White now gets an advantage and uses it splendidly.	
13. B to Q 2nd	B to K sq	27. P to B 4th	Q to B 2nd
This Bishop is cumbersome in the variation adopted here. By developing P to Q Kt 3rd, as is customary, the piece is an important factor both for defence and attack.		28. Q takes P	P takes P
14. P to Q Kt 4th	Kt to Q 2nd	29. R takes B	R to R 4th
15. P to R 4th	P to B 3rd	White mates in four moves. About as good a finish as is likely to be met with. The mate is not at all easily seen, as there are discovered checks, etc. The play: 31. R to Kt sq (ch), Q to Kt 3rd; 32. Q to R 6th (ch), K takes Q (if otherwise, Q mates); 33. B to R 8th (ch), Q to Kt 2nd; 34. B takes Q. Mates.	
16. Kt takes Q Kt	P takes Kt		

We would remind our readers that the Counties and Craigsides Tournament commences at Llandudno on Jan. 4, and will continue during the following week. Entries can be made up till Jan. 2, and it is hoped there will be a fair muster of the leading British amateurs. For the benefit of those who do not aspire to the front rank, a second-class section has been formed, while if there are six lady entrants a special class will be also provided on their behalf.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Some years ago I noted in this column certain details regarding the experiments of Mr. Edison in the matter of designing a telegraph without wires. I think Edison's plan appears to have been of an allied character to that described lately by Mr. W. H. Preece as having failed to institute communication between Ramsgate and the Goodwin Sands light-ship. Whether Edison's ideas have ever been evolved into a practical shape I know not, but in the course of a recent lecture on this subject, Mr. Preece mentioned that telegraphy without wires had been successfully carried on between the Island of Mull and the mainland when the cable connecting these parts had snapped. In this case 150 messages were despatched, one message having consisted of 120 words. At Ramsgate, it appears, the electric waves were intercepted by the sea, which behaves very much as an iron plate would act. Mr. Preece also mentioned a very interesting fact in connection with the telegraph without wires idea—namely, that the clerks at the Telephone Exchange in London could read messages going to Bradford over the underground Post-Office wires. Here, presumably, the electric waves in the one set of wires found their point of unison in the other set, and communication between the two sets was accordingly instituted.

An old friend of mine long ago used to maintain in my hearing that when we knew more about electric waves and their conditions of propagation, we should have a telegraph without wires, simply because when certain vibrations were sent forth, they would be received only by corresponding sensitive surfaces, and that the great discovery would simply be a matter of finding the exact adjustment of waves to the receiving surface. Now, according to Mr. Preece, this is what a certain Signor Marconi, an Italian experimenter, has been able to accomplish. He deals with electric waves vibrating to the tune of 250 million times per second. These waves behave just as light-waves do, and may be projected into space and reflected, and refracted after the fashion of light-vibrations. Marconi's apparatus was exhibited by Mr. Preece, and experiments were shown by the inventor himself. Two boxes were used, each containing the necessary apparatus. The vibrations produced in one box affected the receiver in the other box, and rung a bell, for instance, as an evidence of its effect. The inventor carried the receiver about to different parts of the lecture-room, and whenever the sending-box emitted its vibrations, the receiver responded.

Our Post Office is about to experiment further with Marconi's apparatus, and it may be that we are on the eve of a revolution in our modes of telegraphy. The name of Hertz, the great German physicist, must not be forgotten in connection with this subject, as it was Hertz who first demonstrated the existence of the electric vibrations to which allusion has been made. He regards the "electric eye"—a phrase of Lord Kelvin's applied to the apparatus for receiving and registering the electric waves—its invention and its application to telegraphy, as entirely the work of Marconi. Mr. Preece was somewhat severe in his criticism of accounts given of the work of a certain Professor Bose, who, he said, merely occupied the position of an experimenter working with the materials discovered by Marconi, and who therefore could in no sense be credited with any original work in this direction. Inasmuch as no kind of atmospheric disturbance, such as rain, fog, snow, and the like, affected the electric waves, they might be used for communication under circumstances in which ordinary telegraphy would be an impossibility. The picture of a lighthouse cut off from the shore (as is the case with the Fastnet Light) seems, and is, a dismal prospect; but the new telegraphy offers a solution of the difficulties of communication, and, in the interests of human advance and progress, it is to be devoutly wished that Mr. Preece's hopeful forecasts of to-day may become the realities of to-morrow.

Everyone interested in the free and open enjoyment of scenery which presents features of great scientific interest, will regret to hear that an attempt is being made to close the free access to the Giant's Causeway which has hitherto prevailed. Mr. Lavens W. Ewart, President of the Belfast Naturalists' Field Club, makes an appeal for subscriptions to enable the Causeway Defence Committee to defend the rights of the public in this important matter. Large subscriptions, Mr. Ewart says, are not desired, but the small sums of the many who have enjoyed a visit to the Causeway, or who desire to resist a most unwelcome curtailment of privileges the public have hitherto possessed. Mr. Ewart, and other two gentlemen, have been served with writs on account of so-called trespass, and their solicitors estimate the probable costs of defending the action at £400. The Causeway Company, which seeks to exclude the public, has a capital of £7, according to Mr. Ewart, but, being a public company, it cannot be called upon to give security for costs. I trust Mr. Ewart's appeal will meet with a wide and liberal response on the part of the Irish public, and on that of the many tourists from Scotland and England who have visited and admired the great basaltic wonder.

Lately a new cure for cancer has been described in the journals, in the shape of the application of a watery extract of the great celandine (*Chelidonium majus*), a plant familiar to every botanist. The extract is administered internally and also by hypodermic injection. Dr. Denisenko, a Russian physician, is the advocate of this treatment, which, however, has not been found to be efficacious in the hands of certain other experimenters. Still there is no reason why the remedy should not be tried in appropriate cases. It is not a secret remedy, so medical sensitiveness need not be wounded by the suggestion that it should at least be tried. Curiously enough, Mr. C. Leeson Prince, in *Nature*, gives quotations from works of date 1491 and 1641, showing that the celandine was used in medicine in those days; while later writers express surprise that the plant has fallen into disuse. The 1491 extract speaks of it as a cure for cancer, and the later quotation describes it as correcting vile and pernicious bodily humours.



WEST FRONT OF PETERBOROUGH CATHEDRAL.

By Herbert Railton.

LADIES' PAGE.
DRESS.

Now is the winter of our discontent made glorious summer by the January Sales, as some other poet once remarked, and we are all of us meditating on the raids we propose to make on the various West-End establishments, where hang the alluring announcements, "Selling off!" "Great reductions!" Of course it is quite absurd of mere man to declare that the bargain is an unknown quantity, even as absurd as it is for women to imagine that every piece of material and model hat and jacket which is reduced in price is deserving of being thus termed. A bargain is no bargain unless it be what you want, and we none of us want a dress which is out of fashion, a hat which has suffered severely from the tumblings and tossings of a winter season, or a length of material which cannot by any means be induced to make the garment for which we destine it. Certainly in our purchases we should hasten slowly, and before we become the possessors of a certain model dress or coat, or a length of material or an uncertain hat—most of the millinery which is reduced is very questionable in its charms—we should be quite sure that we require the like. Enough of moralising; let me to detail and explain that the best and most advisable purchases at the January sales are the model dresses of this season's date. Under the happiest of circumstances we have still three months of winter weather, and it is well worth while to secure a dress of dark cloth made by the real artist, when it will be found trimmed with materials of the best, linings of the most suitable, at prices ranging from five guineas. It is quite possible to buy a model French dress at this season for five guineas, and it is always a good policy to examine the name inside the waistbelt, which will guarantee superior cut. In these present sales it will be easy enough to see which are the dresses labelled latest; we have only to look at the sleeves, see that their fullness be at the shoulder and not below the elbow, and we are fairly safe in assuming their youth in the world of fashion. The same may be justly said of the jackets. Those with prodigious sleeves should be avoided. Personally I think it is advisable to buy the sac jackets if we can find them cheap enough, for I have no doubt but these will obtain our favour in the spring, and there are in the market several of the French sac jackets in light drab cloth, reaching but to the waist, which will be the ideal wear directly the weather permits us to doff our furs. And talking of furs reminds me that the sealskin jacket—not the electric seal, which I continue to avoid—is usually a good purchase under reduced circumstances, if you are a judge of fur. If not, let me advise you to take with you some friend who is, before selecting such possession. Of course, fur boas and muffs will be found marked a little cheaper than usual, but the reductions in these are not



AN EVENING GOWN.

very substantial; and besides the model dresses, I think the most advisable purchases are the lengths of silk and stuff. These frequently, though, I must reflect, become white elephants when our own special pet dressmaker refuses to make up her "customers' own materials."

Velvet this year seems to be the *pièce de résistance* at many of the best establishments, and I have come across some shot velvet 32 in. wide at the remarkable price of 9s. 11d. I have, of course, had a private view of many of the bargains, and can cordially recommend some ordinary tailor-made skirts and coats lined with silk at a price of four and a half guineas—the cheaper ones are not worthy of consideration. Furthermore, may I counsel, besides the velvet

which I have just described, the purchase of some lengths of thick tweed suited for the bicycling skirt or tennis skirt in the spring or summer, and some glacé silks in plain colours, for these may so successfully be used to make petticoats in this fashion—a plain skirt which reaches but to the knees, lined with flannel, trimmed on the hem with two flounces, the one set about five inches above the other, made of the glacé pinked at the edge and accordion-kilted. The effect is capital, and such a petticoat absorbs about twelve yards of the silk, which is to be bought for 1s. 11d. the yard, and may be easily manipulated by the fingers of any intelligent maid. Plain white satin or black satin may be written down among desirable purchases, for a woman can always find some use for them.

But as well as the model dresses, let me also turn the attention of my readers to the model tea-gowns. Sometimes I have seen these, undoubtedly bearing upon them the impress of the best artist, labelled during sale time at the price of eight guineas, having met them the previous week in their full glory, when they were not to be bought under twenty guineas. And in buying things of this kind it is always well to observe the value we get for our money, in details such as the quality of the lace with which such a gown is trimmed, for lace, if good, may serve its decorative purpose again and again, and so, too, may three or four yards of fur—a trimming much adopted on the tea-gown—and under no circumstances should a tea-gown be bought unless it boasts a silken lining, which reminds me to mention the many opportunities to be found in dressing-gowns. The best of these, however, which come from the French markets, will be found lined with nun's veiling. These are comfortable exceedingly, and so long as they are quite clean may be written as worthy; but writing the words "quite clean" reminds me to warn my dear friends against the folly of purchasing anything which bears not such recommendation—there can be no charm in the half soiled ball-dress, piece of ribbon, or artificial flower, and these should be reckoned among the snares which beset the path of the peripatetic bargain-hunter.

PAULINA PRY.

NOTES.

"Once on a time," judging from the old novels, a barrel of oysters was considered an ideal present at the festive season. That was in those happier days when people did not worry themselves about microbes here and bacilli there, but ate and were thankful for all that tasted good. One must admit that their average life was less long than that of our self-conscious generation, but it must have been better worth having while it did last. The luscious oyster is the latest object of the microscopist's abjurations. Dr. Bulstrode has examined the oysters of all the chief beds round the coast, at the order of the Local Government Board, and his report is very disquieting for oyster-lovers. Oysters in many of the most populous beds are exposed to contamination from sewage; and the calm-minded bivalve has a way of gaily flourishing on the garbage—he lives, apparently, quite contented with typhoid germs in his interior, and keeps them there unchanged for about a fortnight. If he be laid in pure water, he gets rid of sewage contamination in about that time; so that, after he has been full fed and fattened on the germ-diet, all we have to do is to put him in clean water for three weeks, and then eat him in safety, "with what appetite we may." Ugh! But, dear me! how much nicer it was before we were told all these ghastly facts about our food! We, it is certain, are in so far like the oyster that we can often comfortably give lodging to germs for a time without incurring the disease that they represent. The diphtheria bacillus, and he of cholera, have been found in healthy people, and both cholera and typhoid germs have been deliberately swallowed by enterprising heroes without their being one penny the worse. All the same, we feel a certain objection to eating germs, and it is to be hoped that the authorities will take speedy steps to place our oyster supply on a safe basis. Meantime, oysters will probably be cheap.

A striking illustration of how a woman of no special wealth, intellectual brilliancy, or social position, can make a place for herself in public respect by her public services, was afforded last week at the funeral of Miss Isabella Tod, of Belfast. Miss Tod was one of the very earliest Woman's Suffragists of this country; she took an active part in the organisation of the higher education of girls in Ireland, and was an untiring worker in connection with her own (Presbyterian) Church and temperance societies. She was, like practically all the North of Ireland Protestants, a Unionist, and in these later years gave more time and effort to that than to any other movement. At her funeral the Mayor of Belfast, the Dean of the locality, the Presbyterian Moderator, delegates from the professors and students of Queen's College, and representatives of nearly all the philanthropic and public bodies of the North of Ireland, attended, and wreaths were sent from all over the United Kingdom. Though women cannot yet vote, it is evident that public service from them is recognised and valued.

Mrs. Massingberd, so well known as the Founder and President of the Pioneer Club, has been very ill for some weeks. A short time ago her recovery was almost despaired of, her illness having taken an unfavourable turn after an operation of a severe kind. The latest accounts, however, are more favourable. Mrs. Massingberd is adored by her "Pioneers."

A ladies' club in Paris is now an accomplished fact. It has had to wait a long time for the official authorisation which in that Republican land is needful, as it is *not* here. This has, however, been obtained, and the club is started in handsome premises, which include a "grand salon," decorated in the English style, a reading-room with antique oak furnishings, and a dining-room decorated with "old blue," and well lighted. Like the London "Pioneer," the Paris institution makes its special appeal to women who live alone and work in art, in literature, or in business. It sounds quaint to those of us whose notions of French life are based on French novels to learn that

not only is the character of the single ladies who wish to join strictly inquired into, but also that the foundress will not allow married ladies to join unless they produce the written consent of their husbands to their doing so!

Speaking of clubs reminds me of a book that every mother of sons ought to read—Mr. Barrie's delightful account of his mother, "Margaret Ogilvy," as he calls her in obedience to the laudable Scots custom of not extinguishing the maiden patronymic in the married state. Mr. Barrie's book is a remarkable instance of "intimate"



A NEW OPERA CLOAK.

literature. It takes your shy Scotchman to blurt out the most domestic and trivial details to the stranger. But read in the right spirit, it is a charming revelation of what a mother and son may be to each other. A delightful passage is "Margaret Ogilvy on Clubs"; wherein she points out that they take from you money with which you could do many useful things, and give you nothing in return, for you have to pay for your dinners, and get no allowance when you are ill or meet with an accident, and nothing is given you even at the New Year. When she heard that there were a dozen members of committee, she summed it up: "Ay, ay, that makes two pound ten apiece!" So when poor Barrie was rather set up because he was elected, she congratulated him sarcastically, and advised him to "write and thank the committee, the noble critturs . . . and tell them you were doubtful of being elected, but your auld mother had aye a mighty confidence they would snick you in." I heard her laughing softly as she went up the stair. There is a beautiful chapter beginning: "And sometimes I was her maid of all work": yet it is not everybody who is worthy to read such things.

The "Cadogan" vest is said by one who has tried it to make a good New Year's gift for invalids, for fishing, for coaching, for sporting, for use on all occasions where warmth without weight or impediment to free movement is desired. It is made throughout of eiderdown, back and front, and lined with viyella; it is fitted with roomy wash-leather pockets and leather buttons; price two guineas. It is to be seen at Boyd and Co.'s Dépôt, 292, Regent Street, London (above Oxford Circus, on Queen's Hall side), or patterns can be had by post from Boyd and Co., 11, Bridge Street, Belfast. F. F.-M.

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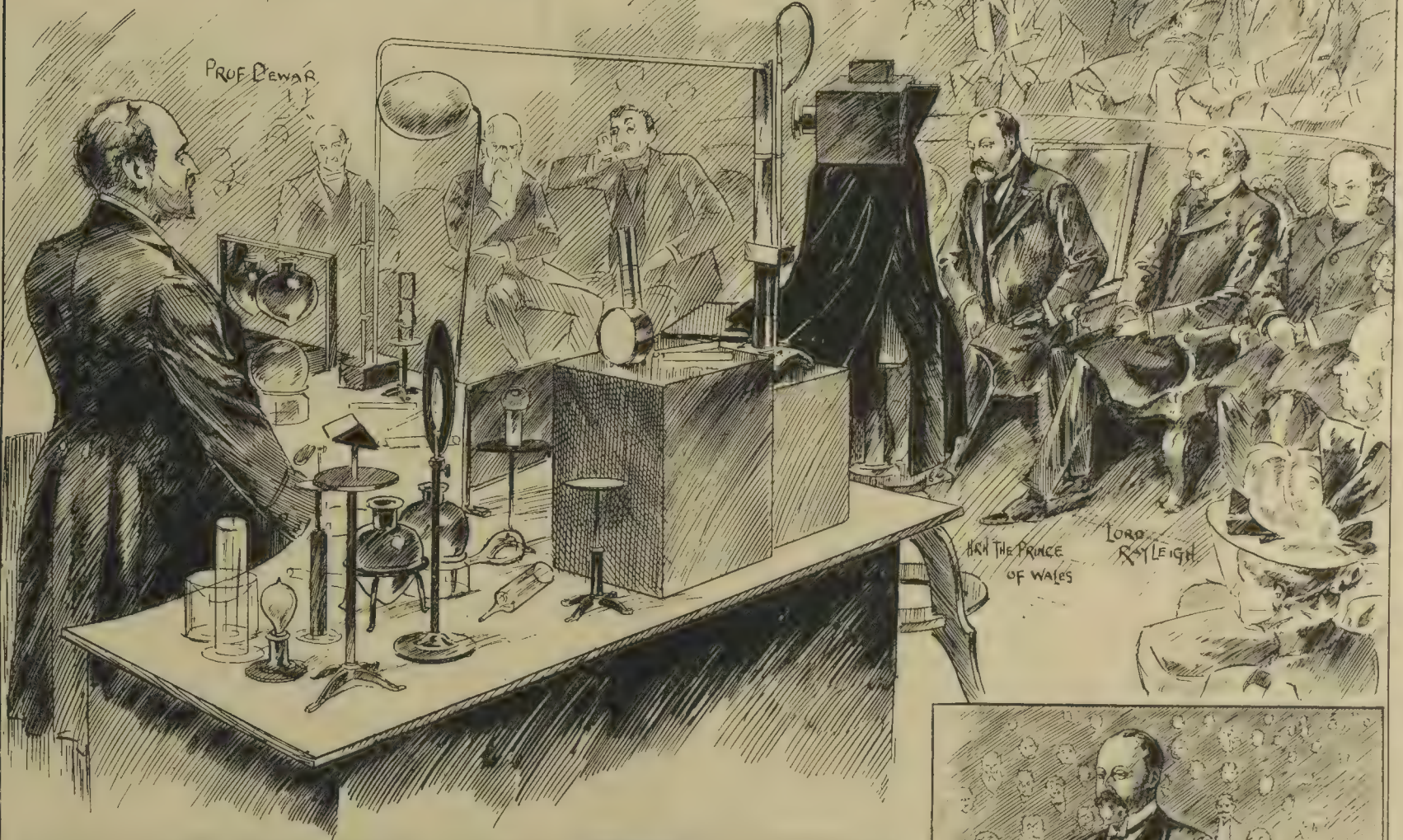
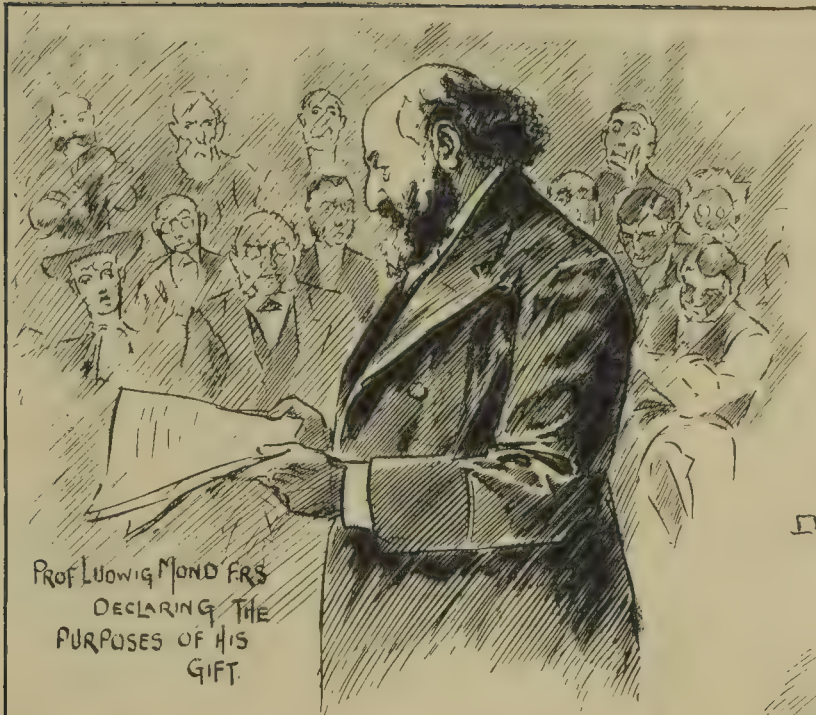
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THE BALLAD OF A YYY PORTRAIT



THE PICTURE.

Demurely roguish, shyly bold,
She watches in the gallery still,
Though ten and threescore years have rolled
Since He came riding o'er the hill
To whom she breathed her soft "I will"
Beneath the sacred mistletoe,
Where Jill kissed Jack and Jack kissed Jill,
At Yule-tide seventy years ago!

THE BEHEST.

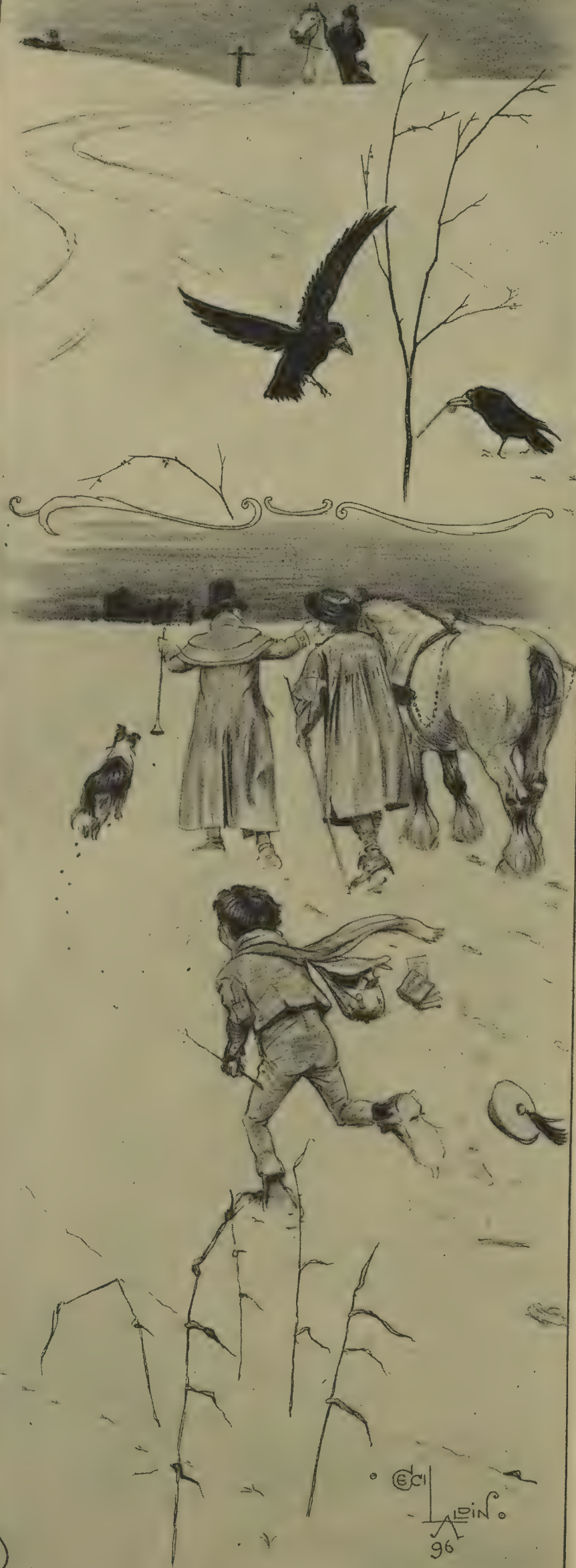
Ah, sweet Great-Granddame! Why withhold
Thy message? Come, these lips have skill
Their old-world story to unfold;
Nay, at my pleading, banish chill
Disdain! My light behest fulfil:
For, lady, I would catch the glow,
The old-time glamour, and the thrill
Of Yule-tide seventy years ago!

Of comfort warm and comfort cold—
The blazing log, the tempest shrill,
The stage-coach storm-stayed on the wold!
Of rout and revel and quadrille,
Of laughter rippling as a rill,
Discourse! discourse! for I would know
How life went by for Jack and Jill
At Yule-tide seventy years ago!

HER ANSWER.

Would'st know that sweet, that olden thrill?
Lead Bess beneath the mistletoe,
And keep the feast as Jack and Jill
Kept Yule-tide seventy years ago!

WRITTEN BY J. D. SYMON



ECI
LAPIN
96

THE
PICTURE

THE
BEHEST

HER
ANSWER

PETER ROBINSON'S GREAT WINTER SALE

ON MONDAY, JANUARY 4,
AND THROUGHOUT THE MONTH.

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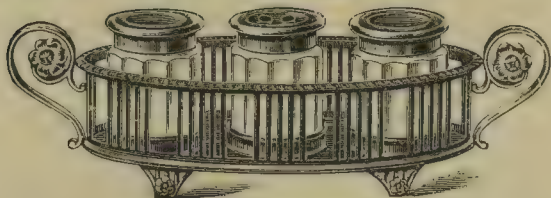
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**CHEAPEST FOR BEEF TEA.
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A PERFECT EXTRACT OF THE FINEST
BEEF, HIGHLY CONCENTRATED.
CHEAPEST FOR BEEF TEA AND KITCHEN
USE, IT GOES SUCH A LONG WAY.

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**NEW YEAR GIFTS IN STERLING SILVER
& "PRINCE'S PLATE." (Regd. 71,552.)**



Registered Design.
Oval Inkstand, with Saw-pierced Gallery, Fancy Gadroon Mount and
Handles, Cut Glass Ink-Bottles.
Prince's Plate, £3 10s. Sterling Silver, £6 5s.



Escalloped Butter Shell and Knife,
with Glass Lining.
Prince's Plate, 12s. 6d.
Sterling Silver, £1 12s.



Cut-Glass Pepper-Mill,
with Electro Silver
Mounts, 15s.; Sterling
Silver Mounts, £1 12s.



Richly Chased Octagon Flower-Bowl
on Ebonised Plinth, complete £4 15s.



Cut Glass Claret-Jug, with richly
Chased Prince's Plate Mounts,
£4 5s. Sterling Silver Mounts,
£7 10s.



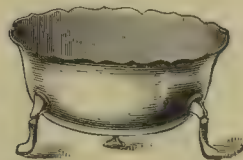
Prince's Plate Full Size Entrée-Dish, Handsomely
Mounted, £5 15s. Sterling Silver, £25.



James I. Sterling
Silver Cream-Ewer,
£1 13s.



James I. Sterling Silver Afternoon Tea-Pot,
3-Pint, £4 10s.



James I. Sterling Silver
Sugar-Basin, £1 10s.



Planished Sterling Silver Inkstand,
very massive, £4 10s.



Sterling Silver Tea-Caddy,
with Panels Richly Orna-
mented in Relief, 4 1/2 in. high,
body 2 1/2 in. square, £3.



Kettle and Stand, with Ebony Handle and Knob.
Prince's Plate.
1 1/2 Pints ... £3 15 0 ... £12 0 0
2 Pints ... £4 5 0 ... £13 15 0
2 1/2 Pints ... £4 15 0 ... £15 0 0



Prince's Plate Egg-Steamer,
with Spirit-Lamp, complete.
To cook four eggs simul-
taneously. Engraved, as illus-
trated, £2; Plain, £1 15s.

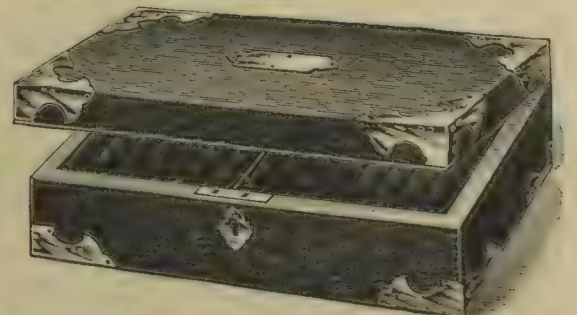


Prince's Plate Biscuit-Box, Richly Chased,
Oval Shape, £3 3s.
In Sterling Silver, £10 10s.



Claret-Jug, Rich Pine-Cut
Crystal Glass.
Prince's Plate Mounts, £2 15s.
Sterling Silver Mounts, £3 15s.

SPECIAL LIST
(1000 ILLUSTRATIONS).
POST FREE.



Polished Oak Sterling Silver Mounted Cigar-Box, lined Cedar Wood.
Size, 11 1/2 in. by 6 1/2 in. £4 4s. In Coromandel Wood, £5 5s.

ONLY LONDON ADDRESSES:
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MANUFACTORY AND SHOW-ROOMS: THE ROYAL WORKS, NORFOLK ST., SHEFFIELD.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will, with a codicil, of Mr. John Hall, of The Grange, Hale, near Chester, and of 64, Port Street, Manchester, iron merchant, who died on Nov. 1, was proved on Dec. 16 by Mrs. Kate Hall, the widow, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £83,520. The testator gives £500 and all his household furniture and effects to his wife. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for her, for life, or until she marries again, and then between all his children in equal shares.

The will (dated April 22, 1892) of the Rev. Carr John Glyn, J.P., brother of the first Lord Wolverton, of Witchampton Rectory, Dorset, who died on Oct. 25, was proved on Dec. 17 by Captain Carr Stuart Glyn and General John Plumpton Carr Glyn, the sons and executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £76,244. The testator bequeaths £200 Consols to the churchwardens of Witchampton, upon trust, to pay the income to the Witchampton branch of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and if no such branch, then to the parent society; £100 Consols to the churchwardens of Hinton Parva parish, upon trust, to pay the income to the Starbridge Association; £500 to the British and Foreign Bible Society; £100 each to the London City Mission, the Church Pastoral Aid Society, the Fourat Bay Institution (Sierra Leone), the Dorset County Hospital, and the Wimborne Cottage Hospital; an annuity of £50 to Charlotte and Georgina Nicolay, and legacies to servants. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his two sons, share and share alike.

The will (dated Feb. 28, 1890), with a codicil (dated Oct. 21, 1891), of Mrs. Emily Wallace, of 24, Norfolk Crescent, Hyde Park, who died on July 30, was proved on Dec. 10 by Lewis Alexander Richard Wallace, the son, and Alexander Falconer Wallace, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £42,385. The testatrix gives sixteen houses in Highworth Street and Harrow Street, Lisson Grove, to her daughter Eliza Isobel; her jewels and articles of personal ornament to her daughters, and legacies to servants. The residue of her property she leaves equally between all her children.

The will (dated Feb. 5, 1892) of Mr. William Clarke Vincent, of Boston Lodge, Boston Spa, near Tadcaster, who died on Sept. 30, was proved at the Wakefield District Registry on Dec. 2 by Miss Emily Mary Vincent and Mrs. Elizabeth Dorothy Green, the sisters and executrixes, the value of the personal estate being £39,443. The testator bequeaths £50 each to the Vicar and Churchwardens of Bramham, Stockton-on-Tees and Adel, upon trust, to apply the income in keeping in repair certain family tombs, and to use the balance for such charitable purposes as they shall think fit; £500 to his brother Captain John Vincent; all his Ordinary and Four per Cent. Stock of the Midland Railway, a diamond ring, and a silver tea-service to his sister Mrs. Elizabeth Dorothy Green; £50 each to Eleanor Maud Vavasour, the Rev. John Francis S. Vavasour, John Matson Vincent, the Rev. Matson Vincent, Lucy Backhouse, and Mary Vincent; legacies to servants, and the

reversionary interest in a sum of £2500 to his nephew, William Henry Hutchinson Vincent, on condition that he abandons any claim he may have to the hereditaments and premises called "Haggs," near Wakefield. He devises all his real estate, upon trust, for his sister, Emily Mary Vincent, for life, and then as she may by deed or will appoint. The residue of his personal property he leaves to his sister, Emily Mary Vincent, absolutely. Without implying any trust, he desires that his sisters will allow his brother John £300 per annum for life.

The will (dated April 24, 1888) of Dr. George Harley, P.R.S., of 25, Harley Street, who died on Oct. 27, was proved on Dec. 16 by Mrs. Emma Jessie Harley, the widow, and Professor Edward Vaughan Harley, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £26,609. The testator gives his house, stables, furniture, plate, china, books, carriages and horses, upon trust, for his wife during widowhood, and then to his son Vaughan; £500 to his daughter Ethel, who is already provided for; £500, upon trust, for his son Harold; £60 per annum to Rosie Lowe, and such a sum as with that received from her grandfather will make up £6000 for his daughter Olga. He bequeaths to his son Vaughan all his copyrights and manuscript, with the hope that he will make some use of them, and with this gift the testator requests his son to correct and have carefully written out "The History of the Harleys illustrative of the Engravings, etc.," which was begun by his grandfather, and not yet finished. He appoints his son Vaughan his residuary legatee.

The will (dated Nov. 1, 1893), with two codicils (dated Jan. 25, 1895, and April 25, 1896), of Mr. Richard Staines Davey, J.P., M.D., of Hill House, Walmer, who died on Oct. 17, was proved on Dec. 16 by Thomas Narrien Crafter and Dr. Edward Townsend Mortimer, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £16,114. The testator bequeaths £200 each to his daughters Mary Austin and Ethel Margaret Mortimer; £100 each to his executors; £150, his surgical books and instruments, and share of his partnership practice to his son, Ernest Llewellyn Davey; a legacy to his coachman; and specific gifts to his children. His wife, Mrs. Alice Davey, is to have the use and enjoyment of Hill House, with the furniture and contents thereof, and £300 per annum during the occupancy thereof, but should she not reside there, that sum is to be reduced to £150 per annum. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his children, Ernest Llewellyn Davey, Mary Austin, and Ethel Margaret Mortimer. Under the powers contained in the will of Dr. John Griffiths, D.D., he appoints the funds mentioned therein between his children and the children of any deceased child.

The will of Mr. James John Farquharson, of Langton House, Blandford, who died on Nov. 13, was proved on Dec. 8 by Mildred Octavia Farquharson and Edward Mudge Hore, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £14,472.

The will (dated Feb. 19, 1877), with a codicil (dated Oct. 16, 1889), of Mr. Sydney Hunt Thomas, of 50, Courtfield Gardens, South Kensington, and formerly of

Edgbaston, Birmingham, who died at Hastings on Nov. 11, was proved on Dec. 16 by Mrs. Catherine Isabella Thomas, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to £13,048. With the exception of legacies to servants, the testator leaves all his property to his wife absolutely.

The will (dated May 1, 1888), with two codicils (dated Feb. 13, 1891, and June 5, 1896), of Mr. William Lawrence Foster, of Willoughby, Westby Road, Boscombe, formerly of 8, Stafford Terrace, Kensington, who died on Nov. 10, was proved on Dec. 7 by Mrs. Emily Catherine Foster, the widow, George Fletcher Teague, and Alexander Sutherland Harris, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £12,482. The testator gives £500 and his household furniture and effects to his wife, and the income during widowhood of his residuary estate, but in the event of her remarriage she is to have the sum of £2500. The residue of his property he leaves between his four sons, Thomas Brittan Foster, Lawrence John Foster, Charles Henry Foster, and Edward James Foster, any sums advanced to them in his lifetime to be brought into hotchpot.

The will of Rear-Admiral Walter Stewart, C.B., of 3, Suffolk Street, Pall Mall, who died on Oct. 29, was proved on Dec. 17 by Geoffrey Holt Stilwell and Colonel Henry Walter Phillips, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £6961.

The will and two codicils of the Rev. Josiah Viney, of Alleyne House, Caterham Valley, and formerly of Fernwood, Highgate, one of the oldest and best known Congregational ministers, who died on Nov. 8, were proved on Dec. 15 by Mrs. Anna Viney, the widow, and Dr. Josiah Ernest Viney and John Martin Viney, the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £4576.

The will of Mrs. Maria Ansdell, of 10, Gledhow Gardens, South Kensington, widow, who died on Oct. 24, was proved on Dec. 11 by Thomas Chester Ansdell and Gerrard Ansdell, the sons and executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £1282.

The will of Henry Isaacson, Baron de Newfort, of Worlington, Suffolk, a retired general in the Austrian army, who died on Sept. 3, was proved on Dec. 19 by the Rev. William Henry Brayshaw and Wotton Ward Isaacson, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £2248.

The will of Sir Joseph Archer Crowe, K.C.M.G., C.B., of Gamburg, Germany, her Majesty's Commercial Attaché for Europe, who died on Sept. 6, was proved on Dec. 15 by Dame Asta Crowe, of 169, Oakley Street, Chelsea, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate being £713.

No new features have been introduced in the present edition of the Post Office London Directory, but every division of the volume has been corrected, as usual, down to the latest moment compatible with its appearance about the second week in December. It is a wonderful publication.

GOLDSMITHS' & SILVERSMITHS' COMPANY,

Show-Rooms: **112, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.** (Adjoining Stereoscopic Company.)

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The Company have no branches or agencies, and warn purchasers against firms trading under similar names.

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GOODS FORWARDED TO THE COUNTRY ON APPROVAL.

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With Disc set with Stone of Month. January, Garnet, signifying constancy, £2 5s.

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Fine Pearl Brooch, £3 5s.

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Fine Oriental Pearl Neck Chain, £5.

Diamond and Pearl Pendant, £10 10s.

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Fine Diamond Pin, £3 15s.

Fine Pearl, Turquoise, and Gold Brooch, £3 15s.

Fine Gold and Pearl Bracelet, Diamond Centre to Hearts, £3 15s.

Gold-Mounted Necklace of Garnets and Aquamarines, £7 10s.

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Fine Pearl Bracelet, £2.

Fine Diamond and Turquoise Flexible Bracelet, £60.

Diamond and Emerald, £90.

Fine Diamond and Enamel Brooch, £8.

Fine Diamond Bicycle Brooch, £3 10s. Larger Size, £15.

Fine Gold Brooch Attachment, £1 15s.

Fine Gold Watch, £17 10s.

Fine Diamond, Enamel, and Gold Brooch, £4 10s.

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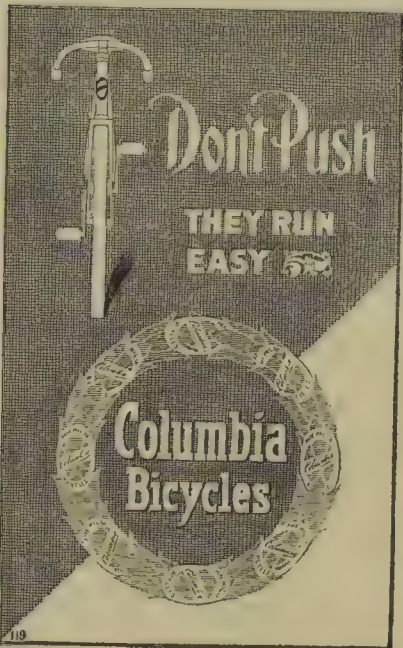
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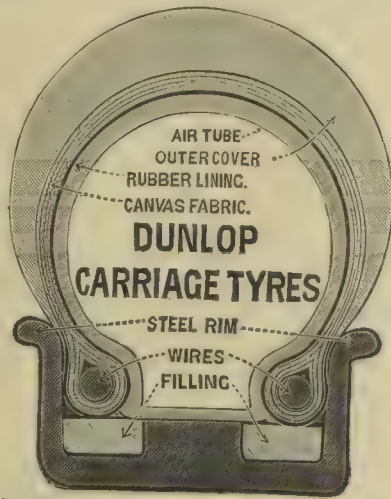
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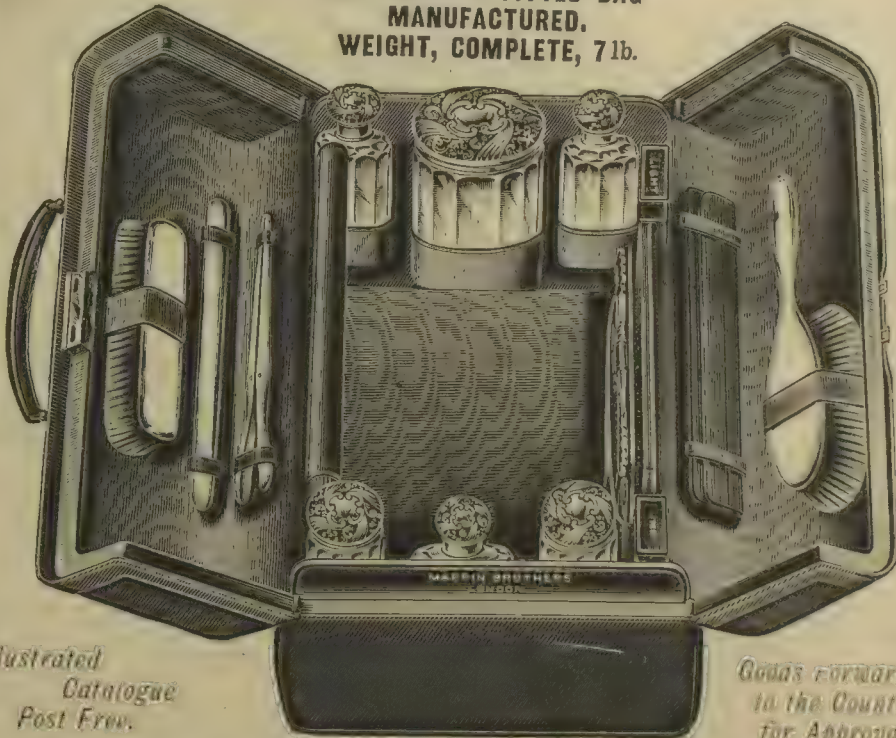
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FROM A SCOTTISH WORKSHOP.

BY ANDREW LANG.

That the production of novels may be regarded as a profession, and "an eligible opening for a young man," is an idea now much in vogue. Parents have even been counselled to bring up their offspring to this amiable business. In the earlier years of the century quite different notions prevailed, and people were advised to make literature "a walking-stick, not a crutch."

The modern notions of the profession or trade of romance, as the sole industry of a lifetime, are based on certain facts in disregard of certain other considerations. A very few writers at present make incomes relatively large out of their novels, nearly as large as the gains of a successful barrister or physician. A larger number of authors, by great diligence, and the composing of three or four novels in a year, secure a decent competence. A still larger number of unsuccessful tradesmen in romance just manage to struggle painfully along. Then, as every profession has its failures, we reach the tradesmen who actually pay for the publication of their books, and the others, hapless multitude, whose novels nobody will publish on any consideration.

These sorrows occur in all professions, it may be said, and there are briefless barristers, solicitors without clients, doctors without patients. This is true, and, so far, the analogy between writing novels for bread and pleading or prescribing for bread holds good. It may also be granted that the imagining and composing of novels is a more pleasant trade (to most tastes) than defending criminals or looking at tongues. But there are drawbacks peculiar to the profession of fiction, and these are very serious, and well worthy of our consideration.

At the Bar, or in physic, or in any other profession, if a man does really "get his foot on the ladder," he can go on

climbing (if he retain his health) till he reaches the top, or the tomb. A man, as a general rule, does not "fall off" as a barrister, solicitor, physician, soldier, preacher till he reaches the age when it is high time for him to retire. Napoleon should probably have gone out of active practice as a general before 1814; Frederick the Great might have lasted longer—these differences will occur. Professors, pleaders, preachers, usually go off before sixty, though they by no means always recognise the fact, and a physician over seventy does not inspire confidence. But in all these professions men have their full innings, as men, and only yield to age, granting that they have health.

They do not depend on varieties and changes in public taste. Solicitors do not gaily cultivate caprices in selecting advocates; the world must have doctors, and does not run, as a rule, after homoeopathy, electricity, faith-healing, fanciful cures of all kinds. Thus barristers and doctors flourish in increasing proportion while they have health and vigour.

Now compare the lot of that other professional man, or woman, the Novelist. He or she is very capable of "going off" while health and strength remain intact. "The first sprightly runnings" are always the best, as "Waverley," "Guy Mannering," "The Antiquary," "Pickwick," "Nickleby," "Copperfield," Scott, with health, might never have "gone off"; Dickens was overworked almost from the very first, and decidedly "went off."

Novelists "go off" because their stock of experience is necessarily limited. The more it is used "the weaker grows the tea," as Whyte-Melville said of himself. Charlotte Brontë's tea, had she gone on living and writing, would probably have soon become very weak. Now, on the opposite hand, all experience is positive gain in the other, the real professions. The more a man practises the more he knows and the better he can do. But the more often

a novelist writes, the more (to vary our metaphor) does he exhaust the silk which he spins from within himself. Thus this profession is at a great and solitary disadvantage. Once more, youth is the season for the artist, in spite of the examples of Sophocles and Titian. Thackeray, in middle age, frankly confessed his growing distaste for doing love-scenes. "All novelists, on Rochefoucauld's principle, should share this emotion."

The human fancy, again, in each case is limited. Scott has regular categories of characters, who recur again and again, in different costumes and ages. Even Shakspeare himself has marked, recurrent types of characters. Doubtless he knew it—he knew that even he had his limitations, and so withdrew early from active practice in his line of business.

Unluckily, few novelists indeed can afford to retire early. Gloomy were the struggles of Dickens and Scott against the collar. No young fellow commencing novelist with a light heart and a "boom" need expect to be able to retire early from business. Probably he would not retire even if he could afford it. The habit of writing will grip him; moreover, what is he to do with his time? We have not all the gift of sauntering. No; he will go on writing, with a half consciousness of failure, whereof his publishers will be wholly conscious. He will try to keep up heart and hope; he may begin to know what envy and jealousy are.

Even if a novelist preserves his vigour and freshness for twenty years (which is a thing most improbable), the public taste will move away from him and his works, as it does not move away from the successful barrister or physician. The public tires very soon indeed of styles, of humour, of adventure, of the historical lay, of pathos, of kailyards, of "problems." It asks for something new, and that is just what the novelist finds that he cannot

THE KEY-NOTE OF CREATION—CHANGE!

Behold, we know not anything; I can but trust that good shall fall At last—far off—at last, to all.—TENNYSON.

*Oh! ever thus, from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;
I never loved a tree or flower
But 'twas the first to fade away.*

*I never nursed a dear gazelle,
To glad me with its soft black eye,
But when it came to know me well,
And love me, it was sure to die.—MOORE.*

The Unspeakable Grandeur of
the Human Heart,
The drying up of a single tear,
has more Honest Fame
than shedding **SEAS OF
GORE!!!**

What is Ten Thousand
Times more Horrible
than **REVOLUTION** or
WAR?

**OUTRAGED
NATURE!**

"O world!

O men! What are ye, and our
best designs,
That we must work by crime
to punish crime,
And slay, as if death had but
this one gate."—Byron.



DO YE TO OTHERS AS YE WOULD THAT THEY SHOULD DO UNTO YOU

"What is Ten Thousand Times more terrible than **Revolution** or **War**? Outraged Nature. She kills, and kills, and is never tired of killing till she has taught man the terrible lesson he is slow to learn—that Nature is only conquered by obeying her. . . . Man has his courtesies in Revolution and War: he spares the woman and child. But Nature is fierce when she is offended. She spares neither **Woman nor Child**. She has no pity, for some awful but most good reason. She is not allowed to have any pity. Silently she strikes the sleeping child with as little remorse as she would strike the strong man with the musket or the pickaxe in his hand. Oh! would to God that some man had the pictorial eloquence to put before the Mothers of England the mass of preventable suffering, the mass of preventable agony of mind which exists in England year after year!"—Kingsley.

Former generations perished in venial ignorance of all sanitary laws. When **Black Death** massacred hundreds of thousands, neither the victims nor their rulers could be accounted responsible for their slaughter.—TIMES.

**THE MORAL: NATURE IS ONLY SUBDUED BY OBEDIENCE TO HER LAWS.
PREVENTION.**

HUGE BLUNDER.—This age, in many points great and intelligent, spends large sums of money in legal strangling of those who cause their fellows violent death, the result of ignorance and a want of control over the passions, while we calmly allow millions to die of, and hundreds of millions to suffer from, various preventable diseases, simply for want of a proper sanitary tribunal. The most ordinary observer must be struck with the huge blunder.

PROSPECTING FOR GOLD IN FEVER-STRICKEN parts of AFRICA!
LACK of SANITATION in JOHANNESBURG.

LYDENBURG CAMP, NEAR JOHANNESBURG, TRANSVAAL.
I feel as in duty bound to write and compliment you on the WONDERFUL Effects of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'

IN CLEARING THE BODY OF ALL FOUL SECRETIONS.
I may add that for the last twelve years I have NEVER BEEN WITHOUT IT. I spent four years in
NEW ORLEANS and the **WEST INDIES**, and, although people
DIE there **DAILY** of **FEVER**, **YET I ESCAPED.**

And I feel sure that it was owing to my
KEEPING MY BLOOD COOL AND MY STOMACH IN ORDER

CAUTION.—Examine each Bottle and see the Capsule is marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Without it you have been imposed upon by **WORTHLESS** Imitations.

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BY the USE of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.'

I came to this country eight years ago, and have lived in my capacity of **GOLD PROSPECTOR** in some of the
MOST FEVER-STRICKEN parts of AFRICA. Just after the **JAMESON RAID**
I and five companions volunteered for

SERVICE in **MATABILILAND.** I, of course, **TOOK a GOOD SUPPLY** of
ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' with me.

I may say that of my five friends, with the exception of one who was killed,
THE REST were ALL DOWN with FEVER whilst in the FLY COUNTRY.
Never in my life have I felt better, although

FEVER is **VERY PREVALENT** in **JOHANNESBURG**, owing to

LACK OF SANITATION or any system of drainage. You are at liberty to make
whatever use you wish of this letter or of my name.—Yours faithfully, **TRUTH.** (Nov. 16, 1896.)

THE EFFECT of **ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'** in any **DISORDERED** or **FEVERISH**
condition is **SIMPLY MARVELLOUS.**

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By Capt. Fred. Burnaby, R.H.G.

*"Two pairs of boots lined with fur
were also taken; and for physic—with
which it is as well to be supplied when
travelling in out-of-the-way places—
some Quinine and Cockle's Pills, the
latter a most invaluable medicine, and
one which I have used on the natives
of Central Africa with the greatest
possible success. In fact, the marvel-
lous effects produced upon the mind
and body of an Arab Sheik, who was
impervious to all native medicines when
I administered to him five*

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*will never fade from my memory; and
a friend of mine who passed through
the same district many months after-
wards, informed me that my fame as a
'medicine man' had not died out."*

give. The critics, many of them, delight to belabour an old favourite; we see constant examples of this inhuman ferocity. No, on the whole, novel-writing is not "a profession like another." It is menaced by dozens of accidents, and is subject to inevitable limitations that do not attend on the regular professions. It has its own peculiar perils and bitternesses, of which the worst is the probable need either to retire very early, or write very little, or to endure intolerable slights as boom succeeds boom, like Amurath following Amurath. If any young novelist is unconvinced, let him read the "Vailima Letters."

TWO BOOKS OF VERSE ON CHILDREN.*

Let no one say that the word feminine, applied by a critic to any piece of literature, does not imply a negative quality, a characteristic that can hardly be expressed but by negatives—by the denial of some ability that an average male author would be sorry to have been born without. At the best, it needs to be propped up by a few stouter and more positive adjectives, and, so buttressed, its flaccidity is supposed, by courtesy, to have a grace. As a rule, a woman is best praised—if the truth may be told—without the word feminine, and she has cause to be glad if she deserves not to hear it. Nevertheless, it is reserved for one woman to show this very quality in a new manner—

* *Child-World Ballads* (second series) and other Poems. By Sarah Piatt. (Archibald Constable and Co.)
Little Folks' Land. By Horace G. Groser. (A. Melrose.)

not as a grace, but as a force; not as the negative of something else, but as a positive thing, and therefore an energy, standing sufficiently alone. Her second series of "Child-World Ballads" have all this most characteristic power at its best: they are imaginative, strong, direct, and poetical because of their feminine quality, and they need no contrasts from without to explain them or to give them the interest of difference. The emotion, of which the poems are full, gives them a kind of aloofness, for it is peculiar to her sex; it is almost entirely maternal. Therefore, though peculiar to her sex, it is as far as possible removed from the feeling ordinarily associated with the name of sex. Mrs. Piatt writes no poems upon any of the phases, stages, kinds of love. She writes as the woman who has gone aside into her own solitude with her own child; to her own child-ward passion, her own joy, and her own suffering. Chaimisso checks the otherwise continuous love-song by one difference of feeling; not an estrangement, not a division, but the first difference, and a part of life unshared; and this is the woman's turning to solitude with her child. That part of life, in Mrs. Piatt's poems, is full of suffering. The peril of childhood is always sensibly present, but this is not all. If there had been but one child's death from the beginning of the world, and if only one mother had endured that affliction, this single event would have been enough to give to Mrs. Piatt's whole thought its peculiarly inconsolable character. Hers is not sorrow for this or that death, but for the very fact of death. As to the joy in the book, it is so finely edged that

it, too, wounds at a touch. This is the "Bid for the Crown Jewels," made by a little American boy in the Tower of London—

Before the crown of England, he
stood, whistling low with blue-eyed scorn.
(Oh, well—they don't wear crowns, you see,
There in the land where he was born!)
Then every jewel flashed its best—
Full in his face their fire was thrown;
And still the spirit of the West,
Through all that glitter, held its own.
He turned his back on them, and shut
The door behind him, whispering low:
"They are not worth a copper—but
I wonder if they'd sell them, though."

Years after, in a desolate hour
At dusk, his mother passed the place,
And all the grim and evil Tower
Was flushed and lighted with his face.
Glad of its dimpled New-World guest
The old-time prison seemed to be;
He was become—one of the rest!
And loved by all the ghosts was he.
Tall regal women bent to kiss
"That sweetest mouth of all," they said.
Dark Kings would ask him that or this;
And Raleigh's hand was on his head.
Once, hearing sudden laughter there—
She looked—the stars were sad and dim—
The little Princess on the stair
Was playing hide-and-seek with him.

As to Mrs. Piatt's art, the fact that we speak first of her feeling is a sign that she has art, and that we respect it.

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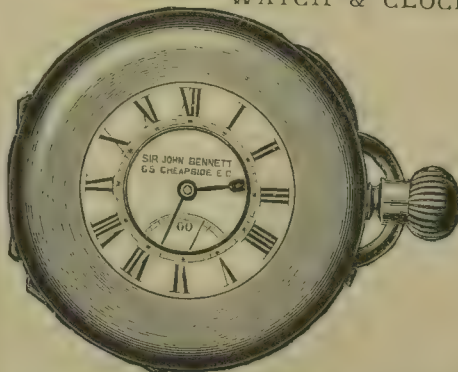
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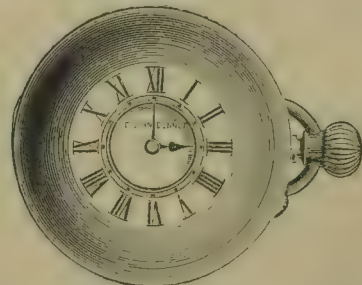


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Without art the feeling would have been uncommunicated. But her technical accomplishment often leaves something to be desired.

Mr. Groser is frankly humorous, and tender without any deliberate pause upon the tenderness of childhood. His verses are written for the children themselves, with a charming reminiscence of Stevenson's manner of writing—as Mr. Lucas said recently in the *Fortnightly Review*—for a real child, but a child of genius. The fun is good for the grown-up, and, in spite of the errors of children's taste, must be good to them also, with a little suggestion if necessary. It is by no means judicious to take the first verdict of children too quickly. They tend to a kind of enjoyment in commonplace things, an inclination which is preparing for them a future of minor reading. How shall

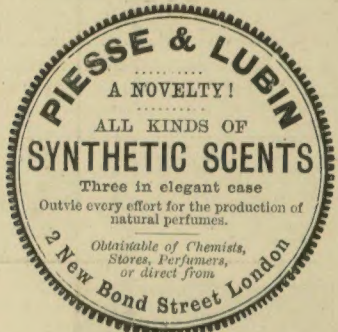
we wonder at the popularity of shop-window books, when we allow our children to settle slowly and surely into the passion for mediocrity? Mr. Groser's gay verses will give us a means of checking that drift. There is nothing in them that a liberal-minded child will find strange, unsympathetic, hard to enjoy; but a sweetness and whim that will urge their unready fancies, being a little better than they thought. "Among the Mer-Babies" is one of the most frolic and brisk of the lighter kind of poems—

Mermen and mermaids, and mer-babies too,
What a world they live in (if the tales be true)!
Never, never troubled by the thirsty August weather,
In the cool sea-depths they can romp at will together.
The hot sun may beat on the fishing-boats above them,
And flash upon the wavelets and the white-winged birds that love them;
Till tired grow the cattle in the green fields straying,
And tired grow the children on the sand and shingle playing;
And tired grows the wagoner, and sleepy grows, and surly,
And tired grow the flowers that have been awake so early.

The prettiness of this is bettered by the delightful burlesque of "A Nautical Nonsense Rhyme"—

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Under the sea,
As cool and refreshing as well could be,
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And recent wrecks from the Queen's Navee.
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And very "correct,"
You couldn't detect the slightest fault.
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And sugars his tea with lumps of salt.

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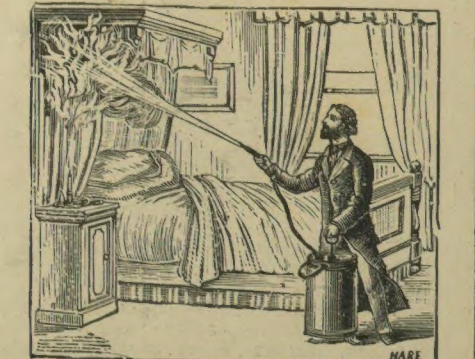
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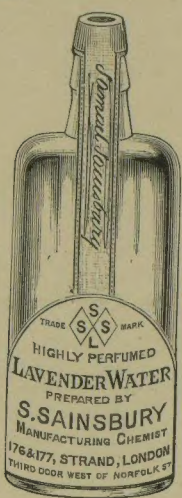
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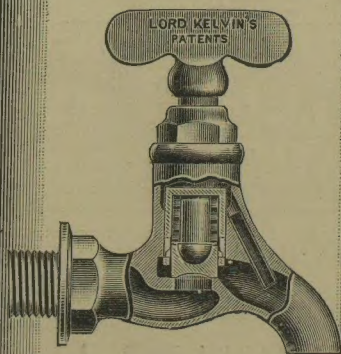
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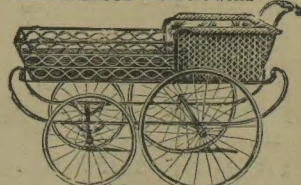
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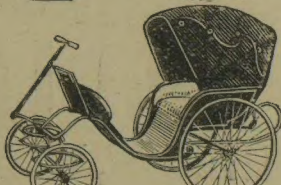
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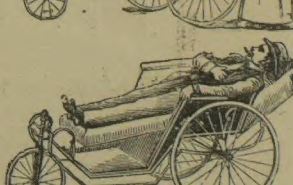
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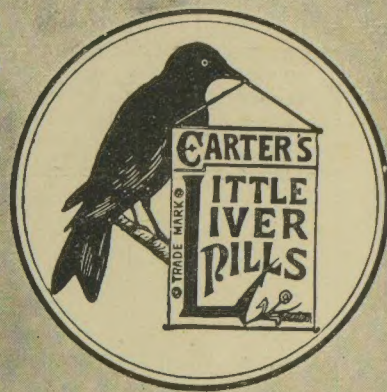
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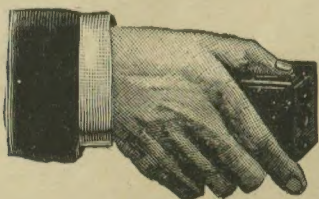
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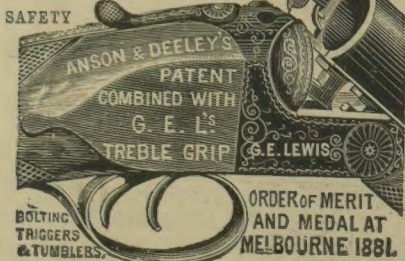
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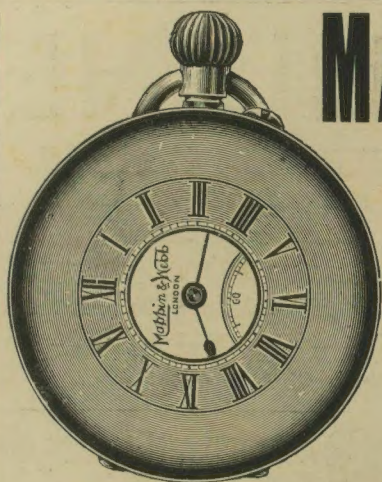


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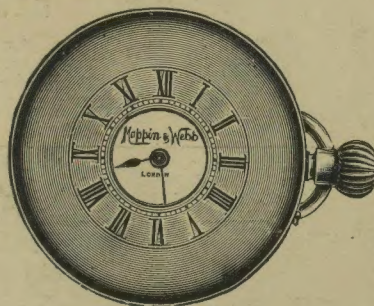
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